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"THE PASTOR'S FIRE-SIDE."

From the European Magazine.

THE Pastor's Fire-side is not, as its unassuming title should seem to announce, a simple rural tale, but an historical novel, worthy to be associated with the *Thaddeus* and the *Scottish Chiefs* of the admired author. The subject of the present work is happily chosen from a period too near the days of our fathers, not to harmonize with our own in custom, sentiment, and language; yet, by a rare felicity of invention, it is far enough removed from our diurnal sphere of observation to lend to the brilliant creations of romance those mellow twilight tints, those solemn shadowy illusions, which consecrate to fancy and reflection the grove of a departed age. For the mere ground-work of her story, Miss Porter is indebted to the *Memoirs of Baron de Ripperda*, that celebrated political adventurer—equally remarkable for versatile talents, and the vicissitudes of fortune. Originally a protestant and a republican, his first step to distinction was achieved in the character of envoy from the States General to Spain. At Madrid he abjured the errors of heresy, and was immediately invited to the court of Philip the Vth, who in recompense of certain diplomatic services performed at Vienna, created him a duke and grandee, and with the

office of prime minister bestowed on him almost supreme authority. Such transcendant prosperity could not long be unalloyed. Detestable to the jealous nobles, suspected by the discontented people, he was suddenly accused, arrested, and imprisoned; but having deceived the vigilance of his guards, found means to escape to Barbary—where, by a second apostacy, he again acquired power and fortune, and finally closed his career a *Bashaw* and a *Musulman*. On this narrow scite of history has Miss Porter erected a magnificent fiction, which may challenge comparison with any other work of the same order. The fable is skilfully constructed; the interest constant and progressive; the dramatis personæ are all life and energy; the eccentric Wharton is well sustained; and the hero Louis, though, like Berkeley, "endowed with every virtue under heaven," is sufficiently a human being to subdue the heart even of a critical reader—but it is the masterly portraiture of Ripperda, which gives to this work its decided tone of superiority, and would alone be sufficient to establish its future fame. It is not our intention to abridge a story so exquisitely told; but, to furnish a key to the following extracts, it may be necessary to observe, that

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ATHENEUM VOL. 1.

Louis, the son of Ripperda, has been confided to the care of his maternal relations, from whom he has received, with the education, the principles of a Briton. At the Pastor's fire-side he is permitted to remain till he has completed his twentieth year, a stranger to his father's person, but impressed with idolatrous enthusiasm for his character, and ambitious of emulating him in talents, in enterprize, and in fame. At this period he is suddenly summoned to attend his father: he obeys with ardour; and, after a journey conducted with much mystery and precaution, arrives in Vienna—not, however, to be introduced to Ripperda, or even to be admitted to any mansion within that brilliant capital. he is conveyed to a gloomy chateau beyond the suburbs, where he is to meet some confidential friend of the Baron Ripperda, to whom he has delegated the paternal authority, and whom Louis is taught to reverence as the arbiter of his future destiny.

“Louis started at so dismal a reception, so different from the cordial comforts of Morewick Hall—so different from the social welcome of Athelstone manor, so widely different from the anticipated magnificence of a palace at Vienna, and the hospitable greeting of his father's friend: he paused at the threshold; then, smiling at the effeminacy of his disgust, entered light of foot and of heart, saying to himself, ‘Do I shrink at so poor a trial of my spirit? My father has guessed the sin of my breeding, and thus disciplines the spoiled boy.’—Louis might have been weary in body and mind; he had travelled since the moment of his landing without other sleep than that he had caught by snatches in his indefatigable vehicle; he might have been hungry, for he had tasted nothing since the break of day—but he felt none of those wants of nature, in his eagerness to meet, if not his father, his father's representative, and to receive from him that father's commands. At length, this awful personage appears—a man of a commanding stature, with much majesty of deportment. The interview is brief, but solemn. The stranger announces himself as the *Sieur Ignatius*—but defers to the next day to

enter on an explanation of his mission. Louis retires to his dreary chamber, and soon sinks to profound repose. In the morning, he discovers a new and attractive scene on the Banks of the Danube, and is still engaged in observing the gay spectacle of the *Traineaux* rolling along the ice, when he is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of his mysterious visitor: he wore the same enveloping dress as before, and as before shook aside the overhanging plumes of his hat as he advanced into the room. Louis was recovered from the amazement into which his new guardian's address had thrown him on their first interview; but he did not attempt to dispel the awe impressed by his deportment, and his relation as the Baron de Ripperda's friend; and therefore he greeted his reappearance with a collected, but a profoundly respectful demeanour.

“The *Sieur Ignatius* approached him—‘I need not inquire of your health this morning; you look well and cheerful, and these are signs of a constitution indispensable to the fulfilment of your future duties.’ Louis answered with a grateful smile, that he had to thank Heaven for a vigorous frame, and for a destiny which hitherto had not afforded him an excuse for being otherwise than cheerful. ‘The cheerfulness of a life passed in retirement,’ observed Ignatius, ‘being the effect of active amusements, rather than of active duties, is habit and not principle, and must be re-moulded with stouter materials to stand the buffets of the world. Louis, you are called from the happiness of self enjoyment to that of self neglect. You are called upon to toil for mankind.’—‘Point out the way, Sir,’ cried Louis, in a subdued but earnest voice, ‘and I trust you shall not find me turn from it.’—‘It is in all respects different from the one you have left—fond old age, and female partiality have hitherto smoothed your path. In the midst of this effeminacy, I know you have meditated on a manly life, on the career of fame, its triumphs, and its crown—but between the starting-point and the goal there is a wide abyss—the imagination of visionary youth overleaps it; but, in fact, it must be trod with strong unwearied feet, with

weariness, privation, and danger.' The eyes of Louis flashing the brave ardours of his heart, gave the only answer to the *Sieur's* remarks, but it was eloquence of the high expectations he had raised.—'Young man,' continued his austere monitor, 'I come to lay open this momentous pass to you—and once entered, you are no longer your own, you belong to mankind, you are devoted to labour for them, and, above all, to sacrifice the daintiness of a pampered body, the passions of your soul, the affections of your heart, to the service of the country which was that of your ancestors, and to which your father is now restored.'—'I am ready, Sir,' exclaimed Louis, 'to take my post, be it where it may, and I trust that I shall maintain it as becomes my father's son.'—'At present,' replied the *Sieur*, 'it is within these walls.'—Louis looked aghast—the animation of hope springing forward to military distinction, faded from his countenance: 'Within these walls—how? What can be done here? I believed—I thought the army.'—This incoherent reply was suddenly arrested by the steady fixure of Ignatius' eyes; a pause ensued—doubly painful to Louis on account of the shock his expectations had received, and because he had so weakly betrayed it. With the tint of shame displacing the paleness of disappointment he stood before his father's friend, looking on the ground—at last the *Sieur* spoke—'What army do you speak of?'—With increased embarrassment, Louis replied, 'The Spanish army; that which the Marquis Santa Cruz gave my uncle to understand was soon to march against Austria, to compel the emperor to fulfil his broken treaties.'—'And to meet that army in the heart of the Austrian capital,' said Ignatius, 'you thought was the object of your present summons.'—Unable to speak, from a humiliating consciousness of absurdity, Louis coloured a deeper scarlet, and again cast his eyes to the ground.—'No,' continued the *Sieur*, 'there are ways of forcing sovereigns to do their duties, besides that which the sword commands—if it will sooth your disappointment to think that you labour in one of them,

believe what you wish—and rest satisfied.'—'I am satisfied,' returned Louis, 'and ready to be confined within these walls, at whatever employment, and for whatever time, my father may choose to dictate.'—'Follow me.' "

After the formality of a solemn oath never to betray the confidence reposed in his fidelity, the *Sieur* prepares to initiate his pupil into the duties of his new office.

" 'Now, Louis,' said he, 'your task is easy—Will is a conquering sword.'—As he spoke, a smile played for a moment on his stern lip—but, like a sunbeam on a dark cloud, it suddenly disappeared, and all was gloom again: he opened the *escritoir*, and took from the shelves two thick scrolls in strange characters. Louis continued to gaze on the face of this mysterious man as he arranged the sheets on the table. The smile which had just lit up those lurid features with the nameless splendors of mental beauty, was passed away—but the impression remained on his pupil's heart—Ignatius placed the papers before his attentive pupil—telling him they comprised his duty for the day—that he must copy them stroke by stroke—for the inaccuracy of a single curve might produce consequences to burthen his soul for ever. The *Sieur* then sat down to give minute instruction respecting the execution of these momentous documents—the task was complicated, and of a nature totally different from any thing Louis had ever practised, or could possibly have anticipated. However he cheerfully engaged in its performance; and his employer having seen the precision of his commencement, rose to withdraw.—Before he quitted the room, he turned, and said, that he supposed it was hardly necessary to enjoin the propriety of always keeping that chamber locked, both when it was occupied and when it was vacant."

In the progress of the story, Louis is called to trials of fortitude, of endurance, and privation, more arduous and severe than the scrutiny, the solitude, and mystery, which haunt the chateau of Pfaffenberg. In the following scene, which is subsequent to the disgrace of Ripperda, the author exhibits the char-

acteristic feelings of the father and the son with admirable force and pathos. With infinite difficulty Louis has tracked Ripperda's course to Barbary, and at length reaches the spot, where he remains concealed. But the fallen minister had learnt to distrust the fidelity of his only son, to whom he reluctantly accords the favour of an interview.

"It was a cold welcome, but Louis thought not of the words since the permission was granted. He hastened through the Arcades to a large curtained door. Martini drew it back, and Louis beheld the honoured object of his long and filial pilgrimage. The Duke was standing with his back to him, reading a scroll of paper. Nothing that was not purely the son was then in his labouring heart, and he was advancing to throw himself at his father's feet, when Martini spoke—'My Lord, the Marquis de Montemar.' Ripperda turned his head, 'Let him wait my leisure ;' and looking on the paper again, sternly resumed his reading. Louis stood. The face of deadly paleness, the eye's vivid flash, and the deep emaciated lines furrowed with every trace of the burning volcano within, filled him with a dismay even more terrible than the fierce estrangement this reception announced. But it was only for a moment that his astounded faculties were transfixed by the direful apprehension, he was his father still—his noble, injured, suffering father—and rushing forward, he flung himself on his knees before him, and covered his face in his robe, for the hand he would have grasped was withheld. Ripperda's breast was locked.—'What is it you require of me,' said he—'The minion of two queens must have some reason for bending thus low to the man, the one has dishonoured, and the other betrayed.'—Louis looked upon that implacable countenance—he attempted to speak, but no sound obeyed—he struggled for his father's hand, and wrung it to his heart. Ripperda stood cold and collected. 'What would you yet seek of me? I have no longer fame, nor riches, nor power to bestow—these were your idols, deny it not—they were my own—I found their food ashes, but the drought that turned my blood to

poison was the desertion of my son.'—'Hear me, my father!' at last burst from the lips of De Montemar.—Louis is heard in silence—at length he receives this answer, 'Tis well, and the tale is marvellously told—but I have no connexion with its truth nor falsehood.'—'Yes, my father,' returned Louis, 'it contains your justification, the acquittal of your son, and the atonement of your repentant sovereigns.' 'My justification is here!' exclaimed the Duke, proudly striking his breast, and starting from his seat—'and for atonement, Heaven and earth cannot atone for my injuries—tell your queen, that William de Ripperda was not born to quail to any man—nor to hold his honours by flattery to a woman. I served the country of my ancestors for its own sake, neither in homage to her nor to the king. I devoted myself to the peace and prosperity of the world—but they rejected peace, and they shall find a sword. All have spurned me! I am thrust out of Europe—and when I have found a land of refuge, they would ensnare me to return—and I will return—return with desolation and death—for Christendom, ungrateful Christendom, has sinned beyond my wish to pardon.'—'How am I to comprehend you, my father?'—'You cannot comprehend me—I would not be comprehended by a Spaniard—you were once my son—and you have satisfied me you meant to be loyal to me—but you cannot serve two masters.'—'What master would oppose my serving my father? If you mean the King of Spain, your own *inexpugnable* honour would not raise an arm against him, and he will not, cannot, prevent me dedicating my life to you.'—'My honour, Louis!—*Christian* knights have honour, the King of Spain has honour, his ministers and those of Austria have a thousand honours; but where were they all, when my *inexpugnable* honour was calumniated and betrayed—where, when the man they durst not bring to an open trial was committed to the dungeons of the Inquisition, to be silently and securely murdered?'—

Louis attempts to combat and to soften these vindictive feelings, but he is still ignorant of his father's object.

"Ripperda walked several times up and down the apartment; several times he glanced suspiciously toward his son, and stopped opposite to him, as if he were going to speak; then turned away, and resumed his perturbed pace—a consuming impatience inflamed every feature—and once or twice he took out his watch, and looking at it muttered to himself. At last, abruptly drawing near his son, he snatched the cross of the Amaranth, and scornfully exclaimed, 'If you would belong to me, forswear all of which this is the emblem.'—Louis was dumb: the Duke resumed with wild solemnity—"One night in the Alcazar, when my gaolers had left me no other light than my injuries, I bethought me who raised those walls—In the black darkness of my prison I saw a host—they who fell in the passes of Grenada—and from that hour the soul of Aben Humeia passed into my heart—Yon is

my ensign.'—He pointed to a crescent on a standard in a far corner of the room—Louis still gazed on him without speaking—but the apprehension of his mind was in his looks—"Do not mistake me," rejoined the Duke—"my injuries have not made me mad, but they have driven me to a desperation that will prove you to the heart—Are you now willing to go where I shall go, to lodge where I shall lodge—shall my God be your God, and *my* enemies *your* enemies—or am I cast out like Ismael to find my revenge on those who mock me alone."

These extracts sufficiently convey an eulogium of the work—but we cannot dismiss it without observing, that it will be little to the credit of that reader who does not derive something more than mere amusement from the perusal of these interesting volumes.

VISIT TO PETRARCH'S VILLA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BETWEEN the Euganean Hills, a few leagues from Padua, is situated the village of Arquà, where travellers continue to visit the residence of Petrarch to this very day. A more beautiful country than this could scarcely be found in Italy, where Nature has been so universally profuse of her bounty. The hills are every where covered with vines, corn, and fruit-trees. A romantic lake and a fine stream cool the air, which is otherwise very pure and salubrious. Fish and fowl abound in these parts, and the mountains, which are lost in the distance, present views of the most picturesque character. Here Petrarch, after a turbulent life, divided between business, love, and study, resolved to seek repose, and to devote himself solely to the enjoyment of books and the beauties of nature. The favour of the Prince of Carrara, the then ruler of Padua, and the property which he had honourably acquired, assured to him an old age free from the cares of life. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent the execution of his design, and during his residence near the

cathedral, at Padua, he had a convenient villa at Arquà, in the most beautiful situation that he could select, not far from what is called the Castello. This house is still standing, and in tolerable preservation. It is simple, but yet worthy of a man of fortune and a lover of the arts: it consists of an entrance hall, a saloon, five rooms of different dimensions, and the offices usually attached to such a habitation. The door is in the rustic style; the hall is painted, and represents the triumphs celebrated by the poet. A back door opposite to the entrance leads into the garden and to the neighbouring hills. On the left, a passage conducts to the *Room of the Visions*, as it is called, and the latter to the saloon, which is adorned with paintings of various mythological subjects, from the charming pastorals of the founder. A broad flight of stone steps leads out of this saloon into the court-yard; it is covered at the top with a small portico, supported by pillars—an accessory frequently met with in Italian villages. Adjoining to the saloon there is another room, the chim-

ney-piece of which is painted in a variegated manner, and where foreigners of all nations have inscribed their names. In a contiguous closet is preserved an embalmed cat, which was Petrarch's constant companion: she is kept in a glazed niche, and is likely to furnish travellers for a long time to come with an evidence of the great poet's attachment to her. Petrarch enjoyed but four years the wished-for repose in this villa: he was one morning found dead in his cabinet, before his writing-desk: an apoplexy had surprised him during the night in the midst of his studies. His death was deeply regretted by all the friends of the fine arts. The Prince of Carrara, who had always entertained a high esteem for him, repaired with his whole court to Arquà, to attend his funeral; and his example was followed by the nobility, the military officers, the clergy, and the university. Sixteen doctors of law, in their appropriate habits, carried the bier, which was covered with cloth of gold, enriched with ermine. The procession moved from Petrarch's house to the parochial church of the village, where Bonaventura di Peraga delivered an oration upon the celebrated writer; and after the funeral service, his remains were deposited, agreeably to his last will, in the chapel of the Madonna, which he had founded. His chief heir, Francesco di Borsano, caused a marble monument to be erected to him near the church, with the following inscription, from the pen of Petrarch himself:—

Frīgida Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarcae:
Suscipe, Virgo parens, animam! sate Virgine,
parce,
Fessaque jam terris cœli requiescat in arce.
MCCCLXXIV, xviii Julii.

Besides the above, there are two other inscriptions on this monument. Paoli Valdezocco, a subsequent proprietor of Petrarch's villa, caused a brass effigy of the poet to be placed upon it, with a new inscription. This effigy was afterwards mutilated by a mischievous soldier, and at a later period the tomb itself was broken open by some villains, who carried off part of the bones which it contained. The plunderers, however, were taken and executed, in 1532. Of this transaction Tommasini has given a

circumstantial history in his *Petrarcha Redivivus*. Patav. 1601. 4to.

Petrarch's chair, and a half-decayed chest are also preserved as well as his cat, in this villa: both would have been completely destroyed long since, from the desire of travellers to possess a piece of them as a curiosity, for which reason it was found necessary to secure them by a grating from farther injury. Soon after the death of the poet, indeed, such was the veneration testified by travellers for this his last abode, that the walls were covered with names and sentiments in prose and verse. To give a better direction to this mania, the owners of the house provided an Album, in which strangers might express their feelings on visiting the habitation of Petrarch. This book was unfortunately lost; it must have contained a great number of remarkable names and effusions. In 1787 a new Album was procured for the use of travellers; it is called *Il Codice di Arquà*. That it might not wholly experience the fate of the former *Codice*, Bettoni, the bookseller, extracted the best pieces that it contains, and published them in 1810, in a neat octavo volume. The whole of these compositions, to be sure, are upon one and the same subject, namely, praise of Petrarch, and veneration for this his last abode: but the feelings of the writers are so variously expressed, that the whole volume may be read through with pleasure. Some of them, indeed, possess considerable poetic merit. Those by English and German travellers are but few, and unworthy of notice: the French are more numerous, and of a better order; all the others are in Latin or Italian, and by Italian travellers. It is these last that give value to the collection; and it is but natural that the praises of the celebrated poet should be more worthily expressed by his own countrymen than by strangers. The Album has the following title—

Tu che devoto al sacro albergo arrivi,
Ove s'aggira ancor l'ombra immortale
Di chi un dì vi depose il corpo frêle,
La patria, il nome, li sensi tuoi qui scrivi.
In Arquà, Anno MDCCCLXXXVI., della
morte del Petrarca, CCCCXIV.

This Codex has existed too short a time for us to expect much that is very

excellent from it, but at the end of two or three centuries it will certainly present a collection, interesting in various respects. Is it not to be wished that similar books were kept near the graves of the great men of other countries? They would contain a permanent eulogy of their merits, and certainly form a monument as remarkable as a statue or a tomb-stone.

Petrarch's house devolved, after his decease, to Francesco di Borsano, who as I have already observed, was the principal heir. In the 17th century it was the property of the family of Gabrielli; in the 18th, of the Dottori; and the present proprietor is Mr. Joseph Bernardi, of Modena. J. B. DEPPING.

[*New Mon. Mag.* Feb. 1817.]

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

From the European Magazine.

THE sudden revolution produced in the customs of the natives of the Sandwich islands, from their intercourse with the Europeans, gives a peculiar interest to any recent accounts of them, from which we may be enabled to trace the progress of society in one of its earliest stages. These islands, from their situation, midway between the continents of Asia and America, the fertility of their soil, and the natural talents and industry of the natives, are rendered by far the most interesting of the recent discoveries in the Pacific ocean, and so were considered by Captain Cook.

When Captain Cook, in 1778, discovered the Sandwich islands, Tereoboo was King of Owhyhee; Teterree, of Moratai; and Pedeoranne, of Wahoo, and the islands to the leeward. Tamaahmaah, the present king, is known in Cook's Voyage under the name of Maiha-maiha, and was present at the death of that illustrious navigator: he was only brother to Tereoboo.

From the departure of the Resolution till the year 1787, no ship visited these islands. In 1788, Captain Douglas, in the *Iphigenia*, touched at Owhyhee. Tamaahmaah at this time having obtained the assistance of Boyd, a ship carpenter, built a small tender, and it was at this period that Young and Davis, the persons subsequently noticed, became resident at Owhyhee. After the arrival of Captain Vancouver, the king, with the assistance of the ship's carpenter, constructed his first decked vessel; and in order to ensure the good will of the English, a formal surrender of the

sovereignty of these islands was made by the king, reserving, however, freedom in all matters of religion, internal government, and domestic economy. Tamaahmaah, after various successes, had in 1810 reduced all the islands in this group under his dominion, except Atooi and Onehooi.

Scarcely thirty years have elapsed since the period of the discovery of these islands; and we already find a chief who has made rapid progress towards civilization, and who on all occasions has availed himself of every opportunity of intercourse with the Europeans, surrounded by artificers, with guards, regularly trained to the use of fire arms, and a navy of 60 sail of decked vessels, built on the island; almost every vessel that navigates the Pacific, finds shelter, provisions, or trade in his harbour. Much is to be ascribed to the natural ingenuity and unwearied industry of the inhabitants; but added to this, they have received all the benefits which are conferred on rising communities, by the appearance of their chief Tamaahmaah, "one of those great men who go before their age."

The death of Captain Cook, and the frequent murders by the natives, of the subsequent navigators, gave such ideas of the savage nature of the inhabitants, that for many years few ships ventured to touch there. But since the present chief has established his power, his conduct has been marked with such justice, that strangers are as safe in his ports as in those of any other nation. He is known in this country, from the accounts

of Turnbull, Lisianski, and Langsdorf, and much interest has been excited respecting him ; but none of these navigators ever saw him. From a volume recently published, "A Voyage round the World, by Archibald Campbell," we have some further account of Tamaahmaah, and from one who, by residing with him, had every opportunity of personal observation. Campbell was a native of a village near Glasgow, and having escaped from an English man of war, entered himself on board an Indiaman. Whilst at Canton, he was enticed from his ship by the commander of an American vessel, bound to the north-west coast of America, on which coast the vessel was afterwards wrecked. Before they reached Kodiak, his feet becoming mortified from the extreme cold, were both amputated at Kodiak, by a Russian surgeon ; here he remained some time, employed to teach the children of the natives English. In the hope, however, of meeting with an American vessel at the Sandwich islands, in which he might return home, he was induced to leave Kodiak, in the *Neva* (the ship commanded by Captain Lisianski, in Capt. Krusenstern's expedition.) From Kodiak they proceeded to the island of Wahoo, being the one of the Sandwich islands now chosen by Tamaahmaah for his residence. Campbell's appearance having excited the compassion of the queen, he was invited to reside in her house, and being recommended by the Russian captain to the king, was employed as a sail-maker in the royal arsenal. After remaining in the king's establishment for several months, he removed to the house of Isaac Davis, a Welchman, who had been on the island about 20 years. Soon afterwards a tract of land of about 60 acres, on which 15 families resided, was granted to him by the king. After having overhauled all the sails of the fleet, he managed to construct a loom, and began to weave sail cloth, and being by trade a weaver, he succeeded in making some before he quitted the island. But in July 1810, a South Sea Whaler, bound for England, having touched there, the desire of revisiting his native country, and the hopes that his wounds, (which had

never healed since amputation) might be cured, he was tempted to abandon his possessions, and leave his situation of ease, for one which in his helpless situation must at least be precarious. On applying to Tamaahmaah for permission to depart, he said, "if his belly told him to go he was at liberty to do so," sending by him his compliments to King George ; expressing, however, much astonishment at hearing, that Campbell, together with many thousands of others, his subjects, had never seen their sovereign. By the captain of the ship he sent a present to the king, of a feather cloak, accompanied by a letter, which he dictated, reminding him of Captain Vancouver's promise of sending a Man of War, and regretting that the distance prevented his assisting him in his wars. From Wahoo, Campbell went to Rio Janeiro, and after a residence there of two years returned to Scotland. On his return he procured admission to the infirmary at Edinburgh ; but was at length discharged as incurable. He was noticed by Mr. Smith on board one of the steam boats on the Clyde, playing on the violin for the amusement of the steerage passengers. Mr. Smith took him home, and, struck with the intelligent manner and the interesting nature of the incidents he related, was induced to become the editor of his narration, and to publish it for his benefit. "Few" (says Mr. Smith) "in the same situations of life, are possessed of more intelligence or information, and with the advantages common to his countrymen, he seems to have neglected no means of improvement." The greater portion of this book is occupied in a narrative of what occurred during Campbell's stay at the Sandwich islands, and a description of them and of the manners of the inhabitants. This is by far the most interesting, and we shall conclude by a few extracts from that part of it.

"The king's residence is built close on the shore, and is distinguished by the British colours, and a battery of 16 guns belonging to his ship, the "*Lily Bird*," then unrigged in the harbour ; there were also a guard-house and powder ma-

gazine, and two extensive store-houses, built of stone, for the reception of European goods. His mode of life is very simple, breakfasting at eight, dining at noon, and supping at sun-set. His principal chiefs are always about his person. On concluding his meal he drinks half a glass of rum, but the bottle is immediately taken away, the liquor being interdicted to the guests. At one period, it is said, he was much addicted to the use of spirits, but foreseeing the baneful effect arising from indulging in their use, he made a resolution to abstain from them, and which he has since religiously maintained. The greatest respect is paid to his person by all; even when his meat and drink passes by, his subjects uncover themselves, and stoop down by way of reverence. The white people, however, on the island, are not required to pay these honours. Davis and Young, the two persons before noticed, are much favoured by the king, and are raised to the rank of chiefs, and have extensive grants of land. The lands are in the highest state of cultivation. The island of Wahoo, though only secondary in size, is one of the most important on account of its fertility, and because it possesses the only secure harbour to be met with in the group. During the thirteen months Campbell was at Wahoo, about 12 ships touched there. The navy in 1809, was about 60 vessels; these were then all hauled on shore, and preserved with great care, it being time of peace; they were chiefly sloops and schooners under 40 tons, built by native carpenters under the direction of Boyd. The "Lilly Bird" is however about 200 tons; but this vessel was bought from the Americans. Indian corn and many garden vegetables are cultivated with success; and in a short time the breed of cattle, horses, and sheep, left there by Captain Vancouver, will be abundant. The king has several horses, and is fond of riding. Many individuals have large flocks of sheep; and in some of the large islands there are considerable herds of wild cattle. The chiefs are proprietors of the soil, and let the land in small farms to the lower orders, who pay rent in kind; the

chiefs pay a rent and other subsidies to the sovereign. There were at Wahoo at one time during Campbell's stay, about 60 whites, chiefly English, left by American vessels; several amongst them were convicts who had escaped from New South Wales. Many inducements are held out to sailors to remain; if they conduct themselves with propriety, they rank as chiefs, and are at all events certain of being maintained, as the chiefs are always anxious to have white men about them. Many artificers are in the king's employ; all that are industrious are well rewarded by him; many, however, are idle and dissolute, particularly the convicts; the latter have introduced distillation into the island, and give themselves up to drinking. Davis, a Welchman, who was very industrious, so puzzled the natives that they could only account for his singularity, by supposing him one of their own countrymen, who had gone to Cahiete, or England, and after his death had returned to his native land. Most of the whites have married native women, by whom they have families, but no attention is paid by them to their education or religious instruction. The chiefs about the king have each a separate office assigned to them, as treasurer, &c. The king is entirely absolute.

"Though the people are under the dominion of some chief, for whom they work or cultivate the ground, and by whom they are supported in old age, they are by no means to be considered as slaves attached to the soil, but are at liberty to change masters when they think fit. The principal duty of the executive is entrusted to the priests, and by them the revenue is collected and the laws enforced. They believe in a future state, when they will be rewarded or punished for their conduct in this world. There were no missionaries on the islands.

"The use of *ava* is now giving way to that of ardent spirits; they are very fond of smoking tobacco, which grows in great abundance. Many of the natives who are employed as carpenters, coopers, blacksmiths, and tailors, do their work as skilfully as Europeans:

and at the king's forge none but natives were employed. All dealings are conducted by barter; they know, however, the value of dollars, and take them in exchange; but these are rarely brought out again into circulation: vessels are supplied with fresh provisions, live stock, salt, and other articles of outfit, giving in return, fire arms and all other European articles. Sandal wood, pearls and mother of pearl, the produce of these islands, are frequently purchased for the China market. It is probable that the Russians will, in future, derive from hence the principal supplies for their settlements on the Fox islands and north-west coast of America, and even Kamschatka. Whilst the author was with the Russians, it seems it was in contemplation to establish a settlement at one of these islands, though this project was afterwards abandoned, and it is obvious that at no very distant period, these islands must become objects of great importance to America. Provisions, from the frequent arrival of ships, are not cheap.

"There is no regular armed force, except about fifty men of the guard, who constantly do duty about the king's residence: twenty mounting guard each day, armed with muskets and bayonets: in their exercises, rapidity is more regarded than precision. All the natives are trained to arms, and are bound to attend the king's person in his wars. Although he is anxious to induce white people to remain, no encouragement is given to deserters; nor are those who wish to depart detained. In 1809, says

Campbell, the king seemed about 50, stout and well made; the expression of his countenance agreeable; mild and affable in his manners, and appeared to possess great warmth of feeling, and, though a conqueror, is very popular amongst his subjects; he has amassed by trade a considerable store of woods, and treasure in dollars. He encourages his subjects to make voyages in the ships which touch at the island, and many have been to China, and even to the United States, and has amongst the natives many good sailors. His residence was built in the European style. He had two wives, and was about to take a third."

We shall conclude our extracts from this book, with the following description of the author's journey to take possession of his farm: "We passed by foot-paths winding through an extensive and fertile plain, the whole of which is in the highest state of cultivation; every stream was carefully embanked to supply water for the taro beds; where there was no water, the land was under crops of yams and sweet potatoes; the roads and numerous houses are shaded by cocca nut trees, and the sides of the mountains covered with woods to a great height; we halted two or three times, and were treated by the natives with the utmost hospitality. Fifteen persons with their families resided on my farm, and they cultivated the ground as my servants; there were three houses on the property, but I found it more agreeable to live with one of my neighbours, & get what I wanted from my own land."

STRICTURES ON NEELE'S POEMS.

From the Panorama.

THAT our young men should amuse their vacant hours with poetry none can refuse; but, from the subjects on which they display the powers of their imagination, it might be thought that the present was a day of mere melancholy, or of absolutedismals. Fashion leads them; and of this we complain. Many a young gentleman who never knew what it was to sleep out of his own bed, indulges his fancy in depicting the distresses of

the sailor, the hard fare, and difficult operations of the soldier. He never knew sickness; but if the plague of Marseilles or of Athens strikes him as a pathetic subject he turns to a few authors, makes himself master of the principal facts, and his harp is immediately tuned to woe.

We do not mean to deny the sympathetic power of the poetical mind. Genius is not confined to one view of a

subject. nor to the description of that only which has passed under observation. Genius personates as well as personifies, at pleasure ; and feels as well as personates, sometimes powerfully. But this requires caution ; for it may be strongly suspected, that over-exertion of the mental faculties, sympathy among them, may occasionally induce disease. It is well known, that, after the conclusion of his *Clarissa*, Richardson could hardly stand without the assistance of his cane, which he concealed with one hand under his coat. His sympathy with imaginary distress had affected his nervous system, which realized it so strongly.

We are unwilling to allude to Kirk White, as an instance of the same power, but are not unwilling to caution the poetical youth of our day, generally against following the fashion too far. If they will not take advice from experienced but confessedly, in this respect unfashionable critics, they must take the consequences, we have discharged our duty.

Mr. Neele, who is a young gentleman of great promise, has comprized in his first book, on Ode to Time,—to Hope,—to Memory,—to Horror,—to Despair,—to the Moon. What possible scenes of horror can float before his eyes, exceeds our surmise ;—and as to Despair—leave that to worn-out age, and perishing inability : here it must be the work of imagination alone.

With Time a young man has as much to do as the elder one ; with Hope much more. We insert as a specimen of Mr. N's. poetical powers the first of these Odes. It speaks, at once, to the heart, and is creditable to his abilities.

ODE TO TIME.

Inexorable King ! thy sway
Is fix'd on firm but cruel might ;
It rolls indeed the radiant day,
But sinks it soon in deepest night ;
It bids the little flow'ret spring,
But while it waves its elfin wing,
Its fleeting glories go :
It suffers hope to dance a while,
Nursing the fondling's fatal smile,
That tears may faster flow :
And only bids fair beauty bloom,
At last to blast it in the tomb.

II.

Tyrant ! he changes every scene,
While he himself remains the same ;
Old grow the young, and grey the green,
And cold and cheerless the flame.

With arrow keen he pierces all,
Nor stays to see the sufferer fall,
But wings his way alone :
Oft too he questions fierce and high,
And while we pause to make reply,
The visitor is flown ;
We only mark the change he brings,
And hear the rushing of his wings.

III.

Oh ! he has many borne away,
Who seemed not meant to go so soon,
Who might have hop'd for closing day,
But fell before th' approach of noon.
Scarce had their fame been whisper'd round
Before its shrill and mournful sound
Was whistling o'er their tomb :
Scarce did the laurel 'gin to grow
Around each early honoured brow,
Before its grateful bloom
Was changed to cypress sear and brown,
Whose garlands mock the head they crown.

IV.

Some linger on forlorn, till life
Becomes a heavy load they long to leave ;
The aged finds its folly rife,
That flatters only to deceive.
The tree beneath whose cooling shade
His youthful limbs were blithely laid,
Sinks with their weight of years ;
The friends he lov'd, the tales he told,
The very fields are growing old,
And cheerless all appears ;
While he himself is fading fast,
And death (deliverer !) comes at last.

V.

A few more lays be sung and o'er,
The hand is cold, the harp unstrung ;
The hand that swept shall sweep no more,
The harp that rang no more be rang.
The sun that warm'd the minstrel's heart,
And kindred fervour would impart,
Then gleams upon his sod ;
The breeze that us'd around him wave,
Shakes the lorn thistle o'er his grave,
But cannot wake the clod :
Tir'd nature nestles in the shroud,
Tho' requiem winds are piping loud.

From among the minor poems, we select one, the turn of which is pretty enough.

LOVE OF FAME.

Why do we love thee, Fame ; thou art not sweet,
If sweetness dwell with softness and repose ;
Thou art not fair, if beauty be replete
With peace and tenderness, and ease from woes ;
Thou art not faithful, for thy power and flame
To fierce extremes the maddening votary urge,
And oft the winds that should his bliss proclaim,
Swell but the chorus of his funeral dirge :
Yet we do love thee—love thee till the blood
Wasted for thee, forsakes the heart, thy shrine ;
Till happiness is past, and toil withstood,
And life itself pour'd idly forth—for thine
Is that mysterious witchery that beguiles
The soul it stabs, and murders while it smiles.

[Feb. 1817.]

ON LITERARY CRITICISM.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

IN considering this subject, I shall not designedly introduce any remarks on the fine arts, nor yet on what is termed "philosophical criticism," but confine myself solely to that which respects literature, and shall first mention the necessary mental qualifications of a literary critic, then very briefly to show how the works of an author ought to be reviewed, and, lastly, point out some of the principal uses of literary criticism.

To be a proper critic on new publications in modern times, requires, 1. *An extensive knowledge of books.* Besides being well acquainted with the standard old books, a critical censor ought to be well read in those which have been published within the last thirty years, and especially such of them as are on the subject which he is reviewing. For this purpose his memory must be good, and either his own library should be large, or he should have access to some library which is so.—2. *Skill in languages.* Such as are appointed to review books written either wholly or in part, in the living or dead languages, must have a grammatical knowledge of them. Much skill in mathematics is also necessary in those who take that department in a literary journal, as well as an acquaintance with medicine, in such as have that part assigned them; and in every department a critical knowledge of the English language is indispensable.—3. *A habit of close and correct thinking.* Without this, even recondite learning and extensive reading will not be sufficient; but when the subject, passing under review, is surveyed in all points of view, and the thinking upon it close, correct, and discriminative, it is not always necessary that the reviewer should be a profound scholar. As to new theological publications, a critical censor of that department should not only be well acquainted with the Bible and ecclesiastical history, but know all the peculiarities of doctrinal and experimental divinity, and be of a candid disposition, without any sectarian bias.—4. *A cool and discriminate judg-*

ment. Some men of deep learning and fine taste have strong passions, which often are so much indulged, that they do not see, or will not acknowledge, the real merits of an author. But a just and candid critic will deliberately examine the whole contents of the publication he reviews, and readily point out excellencies as well as defects.

With respect to the proper manner of reviewing books in order to do justice to authors and the public, their contents should be considered, 1st *In an impartial and explicit manner.* Only truth and justice should guide a periodical critic, and not the least partiality ought to be shown to a writer on account of his rank, his riches, or former productions, nor yet for his honorary title. No work ought to be condemned by wholesale; and literary censors when they disapprove of any part of a publication, should explicitly assign their reasons for so doing. Many have thought that every important article ought to have the reviewer's name affixed, I have considered this subject for many years, and, notwithstanding all the outcry of disappointed authors against anonymous critics, I think it is best to be so; because, if the name appeared, then authors, whose works were censured, or not praised, might have a grudge against the reviewer, and perhaps would injure or put him to trouble. On the other hand, a needy or covetous critic might be tempted to praise the works of a rich author in hopes of some reward. In short, I am apprehensive that if the review of no important publications appeared without the critic's name, we might after a time have no review at all.—2. *In a concise and satisfactory way.* Whatever may be pleaded for the present long and circumlocutory manner of reviewing books, I humbly conceive it is a bad one, as it respects the readers. They ought to be speedily brought acquainted with what the new publication contains, in as few words as may be proper, according to the size of the work. But instead of this, very fre-

quently the introduction to a very important publication is as long as the whole review of it ought to be, and often has many irrelevant remarks in it. The table of contents ought always to be copied, but is often omitted, and the book sometimes reviewed in such a desultory way, that even a very judicious reader is quite at a loss to form any correct idea of it. Besides this, such a tedious way of reviewing takes up so much room, that very few standard publications can pass under review in a month; and some are near two years after publication before they are reviewed.—Lastly, *In a lively and entertaining manner.* On grave subjects, no doubt the review of them should be grave, but others ought not to be dull. When interspersed with short appropriate anecdotes, or striking quotations, they are rendered more pleasing; and strokes of humour are sometimes very agreeable when they are not personal and malicious.

As to the *standard* of literary criticism, it is certain that no one author in any language, antient or modern, can be said to be an infallible criterion. But Dr. Knox expresses himself very well on this subject in the following words: "What, then, it will be asked, is criticism to be left forever vague and indeterminate, and is there no standard?" I answer, that the *feelings* of the majority of men of taste, coinciding for a number of years in giving approbation to the best of authors, constitute a standard sufficiently certain and uniform. And indeed it is totally impossible to fix upon any writer, however celebrated, as a *general* standard; not only because the writer has his faults, but because he cannot equally excel in every species of composition. But those literary works which have pleased the greater part of literary persons for a number of years, will most likely please others after them; and as to differences of opinion, they are only the irregularities which attend every thing sublunary, and do not invalidate the justness of the general decision.

Let us now point out some of the chief uses of literary criticism to the republic of letters, and to scholars in particular:—

1. *It deters some bad writers from publishing.* Every learned person is not necessarily qualified to become an au-

thor, much less are those who have only a smattering of learning. He who prepares for the press, besides a competent knowledge of the subject on which he writes, should understand the rules of composition, have a taste for good language, and be accustomed to compose. Now as nothing is more likely to deter unqualified persons from writing than a fear of being exposed by the critics, therefore periodical criticism is highly useful; indeed, this is become quite necessary since the liberty of the press has been so extensive in Great Britain, because these literary journals are now almost the only public means of curbing the abuse of it.—2. *It admonishes accredited authors to continue to write well.* It is to be lamented that some authors of note, who have formerly used good language, have afterwards become rather careless; if, therefore, such inattention were not to be reproved by reviewers, we should soon degenerate. Some indeed affect to despise verbal criticism; but as words represent ideas of the most important things, every judicious person must know that a proper choice and arrangement of them is of great consequence. All authors should also consider that a correct, flowing, and elegant style, is much more likely to be useful in communicating knowledge, than that which is defective. It is true, indeed, that reviewers are sometimes splenetic and fastidious in their remarks on the diction of a writer, yet all but conceited authors may make a good use of their strictures. Liberal criticisms are therefore useful to humble writers, which occasioned a living author thus to write in his preface: "Every good-tempered critic is my friend; and as I wish to be improved, I rather invite than deprecate criticism."—3. *It saves readers time, trouble, and expence.* Very few readers can fully judge for themselves, and, if capable, modern standard books are so dear, that readers wish to consult a literary journal before they make a purchase. Title-pages have become of late years so deceiving that nothing decisive is to be concluded from them; it is, therefore, truly desirable to be able to consult a review. But perhaps some will say that reviewers are connected with certain

publishing booksellers, and therefore praisesuch books as they publish, whether good or bad. However this may be, it is certain that their productions may be made use of in some measure to guide in the choice of books.—Lastly, *Criticisms spread the fame of authors and diffuse knowledge.* If it were not for periodical literary journals the works of authors could not be very extensively known, and literature would be confined to but few, comparatively speaking. But now, besides their review of elaborate treatises in various arts and sciences every month, even their *incidental* remarks and hints are very beneficial to intelligent readers. We have now more English reviews than ever we had; the number of readers have greatly increased; and consequently mental knowledge is much more diffused. I shall conclude with the following quotation from an able writer, which contains some additional remarks on the subject:—"A carping or fastidious critic in reviewing a publication is chiefly delighted in pointing out

blemishes; whereas one who is liberal-minded not only dwells on obvious excellencies, but takes a pleasure in discovering such as are concealed. The former often censures, not because there is any real fault, but through pride to shew his assumed superiority; but the latter, when the work upon the whole is excellent, thinks it unjust and illiberal to dwell upon small faults. However, it is very proper that imperfections and errors in publications should be mentioned, otherwise there would be but few correct authors, and little improvement in the arts and sciences. The learned ought to consider themselves much indebted to Mr. Harris, Bishop Hurd, and Lord Kames, for their improvements in the arts and criticism; and in the lectures of Dr. Blair there are also many just strictures. Men of erudition and candour are a sort of masters of the ceremony in the court of letters, by whom the literati are introduced into the best company, and thereby greatly improved and entertained." G. G. SCRAGGS.

THE LADIES' LIBRARY.

From the European Magazine.

THE greatest part of the pleasure derived from reading, springs from the train of recollections and ideas to which the passage before us gives rise, rather than from what is actually contained in the passage itself. This train runs rapidly throughout what the mind has previously collected or conceived, and thus presents to the mental vision a long perspective of views, rich in imagery, and connected with the fore-ground by the countless links of association. This will account for different opinions being entertained relative to the pleasantness of a particular work, when there is no difference of judgment relative to the import of an author's remarks. The sound of a drum is the same to all ears; but what dissimilar feelings does it excite in the breasts of those who hear it! Yon widow has her anguish, for the loss of him who was dearest to her, revived in all its first bitterness, by the noise: that handsome girl, peeping from the window, is thinking of the smart ensign with

whom she lately danced at Willis's rooms;—the young fellow who is neglecting a customer to catch, over the shop-table, a glimpse of the passing parade, burns with mortification as he feels himself grasping a yard-measure, and sees the air which a sword gives to the hand in which it is brandished:—his master bites his lips as he turns to his ledger to look at the total of a half-pay captain's account.

The feelings excited by a book differ as widely and on the same principle, and therefore it is, that the contents of the bookshelves in the parlour may generally be depended upon as a pretty certain index to the dispositions of its inmates. I remember going up with much anxiety to the handsomely gilt and painted case, suspended with ribbons, in which a young lady held her favorite volumes. I trembled lest I should be shocked by my first glance resting on the Sorrows of Werter or the New Heloise; and I cannot tell how

delighted I felt, when I was greeted by a set of Doctor Aikin's *Spencer*, in blue morocco, and saw the *Spectator* standing hard by. Looking a little further, I must confess I detected Mrs. Robinson's *Poems*, and one of Charlotte Smith's *Novels*, but I excused them for the sake of *Metastasio*, who stood between them, and which the young lady took care to open, that I might see it was not a translation. Soon afterwards she angrily called to her brother, a lad of fifteen, and severely scolded him for putting some of his books amongst her's, although she had often forbidden him to do so. As she pushed indignantly into his hands what she had hastily taken down, I just caught a glimpse of the back of one of the volumes, which inclined me to believe that it was *Tom Jones* who was thus roughly dismissed. It was impossible to say what female curiosity might have been about during the period of this instruction; but I remember I derived at the time pleasure from my very suspicions, when I marked the beautiful kindling in the eyes and on the cheeks of her who stood by my side, attempting, in the prettiest way imaginable, to draw my attention from the circumstance to a graceful myrtle, which she told me she had been fortunate enough to preserve alive through the winter, and which was now thanking her for her care, by extending its leaves towards the face of its benefactress in the earliest of the spring.

If I were to disclose all the consequences of this affair, I flatter myself that the young ladies would derive from them strong inducements to be select in their libraries: but I beg to observe, that my appeal is to their sound and delicate tastes, and not to the watchfulness of mothers and aunts. A girl's mind naturally acquires a bias to the elegant and the pure, if the habits and conversation of the elders about her are discreet and refined; but the liveliness and susceptibility of youth receive all sorts of evil impressions from severe regulations and ungraceful prohibitions. What is a command not to do, but instruction as to something which ought not to be done? Nor do I think, with many, that a girl's mind must be crippled

that it may not stray; that she is not for an instant to be trusted with an image which may suggest a thought, which may, under certain circumstances of indulgence, reach to impropriety. The timid maintainers of this doctrine are the grossest insulters and destroyers of that which they profess to respect and preserve. They would treat one who is soon mainly to support the dignity and welfare of a family, as if she were a greedy child that must not be trusted to a cupboard where it might steal jelly and make itself sick;—they would shut her out from all the rich and graceful enjoyments of the world as they form the themes of genius, and the solace of nature, lest she should pursue every native instinct which they excite, till she converts what has been given her by Providence as blessings to herself and others, into sources of misery and of guilt. This abominable system of management they carry so far in France, that a girl is never suffered to stir any where but with a female guardian at her side: in fact, they consider the power to do wrong as tantamount to the practice of crime. English young women, however, thank God, are induced to appreciate their own value, and therefore may be in a great measure entrusted to their own care. The most hateful personage I know, is a miserable fellow who seems to have no sense but for the existence of improprieties; who would make his sister walk hood-winked, lest she should be rendered profligate by the coarseness of the streets. Such a creature as this is the most despicable of created beings—he is a compound of cowardice and baseness; the first keeps him in perpetual alarm, the latter gives him the best ground for perpetual suspicion. The most virtuous of poets furnishes a noble lesson on this point—

“I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book, [ever,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm
thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.”
Comus.

ANCIENT TIMES.

It has been no unusual thing to make a comparison between the ladies of the

present day, and those who lived a century past. If we go but a little further back to the days of Anne Bullen, the contrast seems to present the greatest possible burlesque. In that time very few ladies went to court; the great officers of state left their spouses at their magnificent mansions in the country, to entertain their sporting neighbours. Good madam was then delighted to have a snug party dance in the parlour with the squire's wife, the parson of the parish and his wife, and perhaps the butler and a couple of chairs to make up the set. She always rose at five o'clock, to see breakfast served at the great hall, which was then a principal meal. Master,

mistress, and servants, all feasted in the same room, not omitting to relate their dreams of the night.

The men after breakfast went to the cellar to drink; the lady to her poultry and dairy; and the young ladies to their usual occupations of making their clothes and stockings, weaving and knitting not being then known. At twelve they dined in a room neatly strewn with rushes, and supped at six, which was their greatest entertainment; they then amused themselves with tales, or sports, till eight, and were all in bed before nine o'clock. With this mode of life compare that of a modern lady of fashion!

PREDILECTIONS OF THE SCOTCH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

LOOKING over some of your late numbers, the following passage from a well written paper on the preservation of health, caught my attention: "Puffendorf would not have died from the effect of a corn, had it been customary for people to carry their shoes as well as their hats under their arms."

It is not my intention to enter into an elaborate account of the diseases to which the human foot is liable, which of them would be prevented, or what new ones might be generated by the disuse of shoes; nor will I be so foolish as to attempt to convince a single individual who has been accustomed to walk with shoes, that it would be better for him on many accounts to accustom himself to walk without them. But I shall mention a circumstance, of which many of your readers must be ignorant, that a great proportion of a whole people, in the northern part of this island, *prefer* walking on their bare feet to walking with shoes; and what may surprise, the women are distinguished for their liking to this peculiarity. Now, Sir, I am quite prepared for the sneers which a certain class of English readers, in common with most English tourists, usually lavish on such occasions; closely following in the steps of their great prototype Dr.

Johnson—by the bye, the rudest great man, aye, and the greatest rude man, that ever was: whose manner and prejudices, to be sure, they usually censure, but on that account seem to think themselves the more at liberty to imitate. They will talk to each other in commiseration of the poverty of the Scotch; gently hint that necessity has no law; and that they can never feel the want of conveniences and comforts of which they never were possessed, any more than the Otabeitans or any other Savages! All this might be submitted to in silence, were it true, but it is not so.

The people of Scotland, I mean of course that class to which these remarks apply, are as sober and industrious, better educated, more religious, and better dressed, than, I shall venture to say, any other peasantry in Europe. They are distinguished for their loyalty: their steadiness, application, and perseverance; their more than ordinary intelligence and information; for all the virtues which adorn the social life; and for a never-failing attachment to the land which gave them birth. Their superior intelligence and information are of course consequent on their extensive reading, and on that greatest of blessings a religious education, which is secured, I may say, to every individual of this favoured people. On the

importance and utility of such acquirements, even for the lowest classes of the people, it were needless to enlarge: they dignify the possessor by elevating and expanding the mind; they fit him for rising in the world; for acquitting himself in whatever situation he may be destined to fill; they are a foundation on which any superstructure may be reared, and they render him in one sense independent, by supplying an inexhaustible fund of amusement. In Scotland every village has its library and its debating society. The lower classes, instead of frequenting the ale-house, or rather the *gin shop*, meet on the Saturday evenings in their village library; the magazines and reviews for the period are laid before them; the interests of literature and of science are canvassed; powers and faculties which would have lain dormant are called into action; their ideas are enlarged, their minds improved—they are in short “raised in the scale of thinking beings.” Not a man among them but has read controversies, examined the arguments *pro* and *con*, and taken a side on the doubtful questions of the guilt of Queen Mary and of the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian.

But I have wandered wonderfully from my object. All I meant to do in this letter, was to inform your readers that if the Scotch walk bare-footed, they do not so from necessity, but from choice. If we see a man walking with his hat under his arm, we surely would say that it is from choice he walks bareheaded. Now what is true of a hat, will I apprehend be true of any other piece of dress; and we need not hesitate to pronounce that man unreasonable, who, seeing a woman walk barefooted, would say she does so from necessity, that is from poverty, while she carries her shoes and stockings in her hand. Such is the fact. The people of Scotland seem to feel shoes as an incumbrance, yet they conform to the existing custom of the civilized world. On a Sunday you may see crowds of well dressed people hastening from all directions to their parish church, footing it along firmly and nervously, their feet unincumbered with the habiliments of modern refinement, yet their shoes and stockings in their hands, till they reach

the well known spot, beyond which they cannot proceed unseen. This is generally some downy bank, conveniently situated by a clear running brook, just before they make the last turn of the road, which screens the church from their view; for it is held quite *contra bonos mores* to come in such *dishabille* even within sight of the church. Here they sit down; their feet are washed; their unfolded stockings and little worn shoes receive their brawny sinews; the silk gowns of the women, which had been carefully turned up to preserve them from the effects of the dusty road, are now let loose; all things are made neat and *tosh*, to use a word of their own; the family advances in sober procession, and thus makes what is called a respectable appearance at the kirk.

Let us hear no more, then, of the poverty of the Scotch. As to the practice of walking bare-footed, I shall not say much; it may be defensible. Perhaps a reflecting native might tell you, in imitation of Addison, that when a pair of new shoes were brought home to him, it made him shudder, and that he could not help thinking that he saw corns, and blisters, and other diseases of the feet, lying in ambush in the corners.

I complain of the ignorance which exists among the great mass of the people of England, regarding Scotland, and every thing Scotch. This is well illustrated by a native author in his amusing novel *Humphrey Clinker*.

DUTH-MARUNO.

EDUCATION OF THE SCOTCH.

There is no part of Europe, in which education has been a subject of more general attention, or produced more important effects than in Scotland. During little more than a century, a system of public instruction, established in that country, has not only had the most beneficial influence upon industry and private morals, but has been the principal cause of one of the most remarkable changes of national character that has ever yet taken place during so short a period. At a time when the public attention in this country is so laudably directed towards providing means of instruction for the poor, a few remarks on the effects of a system of general educa-

tion in Scotland may not be thought unseasonable. The following facts and observations relative to this important subject are principally extracted from the interesting *Life of Burns*, the poet, written by the late amiable and excellent Currie.

The system of education in Scotland, though closely connected with its ecclesiastical establishment, owes its first legal existence to a statute passed in the year 1646 by the Parliament of that kingdom for establishing schools in every parish, at the expense of the landholders, for the express purpose of teaching the poor. On the Restoration in 1660, this excellent statute was repealed; and nothing farther was done or attempted for the instruction of the people during the reign of Charles and James, which were chiefly occupied in religious persecution. But in the year 1646, some years after the Revolution, the statute of 1646 was re-enacted nearly in the same terms, and continues to be the law of Scotland at the present time. Connected with this legislative provision are many acts passed by the general assemblies of the church of Scotland, which are binding as to matters of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and the whole together forms a code of regulations, which is eminently distinguished for the reasonableness and practical good sense of its particular provisions, and which experience has shown to be perfectly effectual for the important purpose intended. So much convinced indeed are the lower classes in Scotland of the benefits attending this system, that, where the parishes are large, they often form subscriptions and establish private schools of their own, in addition to the parochial seminaries.

In the year 1698, about the time when this system was established, Fletcher, of Saltoun, in one of his 'Discourses concerning the Affairs of Scotland,' describes the lower classes of that kingdom as being in a state of the most abject poverty and savage ignorance; and subsisting partly by mere beggary, but chiefly by violence and rapine, "without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land or to those of God and nature." Some of the instances given by the writer of the disorder and violence of that period may remind us of the effects pro-

duced by a similar state of things during our own times, upon the Irish peasantry in the disturbed parts of that unhappy country. "In years of plenty," says Fletcher, "many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days, and at country weddings, markets, *burials*, and other public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together." Such was the state of Scotland at the time when the present system of education was established.

It is justly stated that, at the present day, there is perhaps no country in Europe, in which, proportion to its population, so small a number of crimes fall under the chastisement of the criminal law, as in Scotland; and he adds, upon undoubted authority, that on an average of thirty years preceding the year 1797, the executions in that division of the island did not amount to six annually, and that more felons had been convicted and sentenced to transportation at one quarter sessions for the town of Manchester only, than the average number of persons sentenced to a similar punishment during a whole year by all the Judges of Scotland.

But the influence of education in Scotland has not been merely negative or confined to the diminution of criminal offences; it has produced in a very eminent degree those habits of industry and frugality, upon which all civilization and improvement ultimately depend. In no age or country have these excellent qualities, the cardinal virtues of the lower orders of society, been more prevalent than among the peasantry and common people of Scotland during modern times: in none have the instances been more frequent of individuals who, by a course of meritorious exertions, have raised themselves from an inferior condition in life to ease and competence, and sometimes to riches and distinction.

It is impossible to conceive any situation more happy and respectable than that of the parent of a well educated family*

* Such as was the father of Mungo Park, the traveller, and such as there are now many others among the farmers and peasantry of Scotland. App. to Park's Last Travels.

enjoying the just reward of his paternal cares in the prosperity and success of his children; each of whom he sees engaged in some beneficial pursuits, each bettering his condition in life, and each advanced somewhat in the scale of society above the situation in which he was born. It is this visible *progress* and continual *improvement* in the circumstances and condition of families, so frequent in the class here particularly alluded to, which produces the greatest portion of happiness of which any community is capable; which stimulates to intelligent activity, and useful, persevering exertions; and which keeps alive and invigorates that orderly, quiet ambition, which is the foundation of all private and public prosperity, and the great civilizing principle of individuals and nations.

It is true that there are several other circumstances, besides the system of public education in Scotland, which have assisted in producing that extraordinary change of national character which has given occasion to the present remarks. But of the various causes which have contributed to this change, education is by far the most important, and that, without which indeed all the rest would have been comparatively of no avail. It is to early instruction, most unquestionably, that we must attribute that general intelligence, and those habits of thoughtfulness, deliberation, and foresight, which usually distinguish the common people of Scotland, wherever they may be found, and whatever may be their employments and situations; which ensure their success in life under favourable circumstances; and in adverse fortune serve as a protection against absolute indigence, and secure to them a certain station above the lowest condition of life.

The truth of this remark will be apparent from a few practical instances, drawn from the experience of common life, of that general superiority which is here attributed to the lower classes of the Scotch, as the effect of their superior industry and intelligence—1. Every one has remarked the great number of professional gardeners from that country, many of whom have been common labourers, and who if they had been no better educated than most English labour-

ers, must always have remained in that situation. Of this numerous class Mr. Dickson,* Park's brother-in-law, is a remarkable and most distinguished example.—2. Scotland supplies a considerable number of stewards, confidential clerks, book-keepers, &c. from a class of society, which, in most other countries, furnishes only domestic servants. The British Colonies, and especially the West Indies, are chiefly provided with clerks, overseers of plantations, &c. from this source.—3. The prodigious number of non-commissioned officers in the army, who are natives of Scotland, having been raised from the ranks in consequence of their knowledge of reading and writing, and general good conduct, is also very remarkable.—The recollection of most readers will probably supply them with other examples: but there are two instances, somewhat out of the course of ordinary experience, which deserve to be particularly mentioned.

In the year 1803, Mr. Matthew Martin, a gentleman distinguished for his active benevolence, having been for some time engaged, under the sanction of Government, in a laborious enquiry concerning the "State of Mendicity in the Metropolis," was desired to make a report upon that subject for the information of Government. From the statement which Mr. Martin prepared on that occasion and laid before the Secretary of State, it appeared that the number of Scotch beggars in London was remarkably small, especially in proportion to the Irish beggars, with whom it was most natural to compare them. Of 2000 beggars, whose cases were investigated by Mr. Martin, the following is a summary.

Belonging to parishes at home	570
———distant parishes	836
Irish	679
Scotch	65
Foreign	30

The second of the two cases is of a still more uncommon nature. In the course of the expedition against Egypt in 1807, the advanced guard of Major General Fraser's army having taken possession of Rosetta and occupied a position at El Hamed a few miles from that

* Originally a Scotch seedsman, but now Vice-President of the London Horticultural Society, Fellow of the Linnean Society, &c.

town, was surprised by a strong corps of Turkish troops, and after an obstinate conflict and the loss of many lives, compelled to surrender. According to the Turkish custom, the prisoners taken were sold as slaves, and dispersed over the whole country; some of them being sent as far as upper Egypt. Great exertions were naturally made by the British government to redeem those unfortunate persons from captivity; and this was happily effected as to all the prisoners, except a few who could not be traced, by the assistance of Signor Petrucci, the Swedish consul at Alexandria.

From the authentic documents relating to this transaction, it appears that the ransoms paid for the redemption of the captives differed very considerably; the prices varying from between twenty and thirty pounds to more than one hundred

pounds sterling for each man. But it is observable, on comparing the different rates, that the highest ransoms were paid for those, who must be considered, from their names, to have been natives of Scotland; and who, it may be presumed, were more *valuable* than the rest from being more orderly and intelligent. It could not have been easily anticipated that a soldier, brought up in a Scotch parish school, was likely, when enslaved by the Turks and a captive in Egypt, to derive much advantage from his *education*. Yet it is probable from this circumstance that the intelligence and habits of good conduct, which he acquired from early instruction, might recommend him to his master, and, as domestic slavery admits of many mitigations, might procure him kinder and better treatment.—*Ann. Reg.*

SAGACITY OF BRUTE ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IT is my intention to offer your readers some well authenticated anecdotes of sagacity in brute animals, or of singular changes in their natural propensities; and I shall beg leave to conclude the facts by inferences that enforce the dictates of humanity to every creature that can be gratified by kindness, or affected by pain.

About five-and-twenty years ago, a cat, that had been robbed of all her young, conceived a wonderful tenderness for a chicken, which lay among some wool in a basket, to recover of a broken leg. Puss crept into the same warm retreat, cherished the little sufferer in her breast, and, when it recovered, followed wherever it went, and protected it from two playful kittens belonging to another of her own kind.

About twenty miles distant from the place where the cat adopted a feathered nursling, a lamb that lost its dam was nourished with milk; and three young puppies, whose mother was killed by an erring shot, were fed by the dairy who took charge of the lamb. He was

older and stronger than the canine orphans, and sometimes invaded their portion of milk, but no other spoiler dared to approach their tub. When they grew up, so great was the attachment of the young ram, that he attended the companions of his early days to the kennel, and actually kept the whole pack of hounds in great awe. If any individual became unruly, *Willie*, the ram, sprung up, and butted the offender with his horns. The huntsmen said, they found no trouble in managing the most refractory if *Willie* but shook his head.

Captain Mc. N——, of D——, had a very sagacious Newfoundland bitch, and at the time she was suckling two whelps, her master's boatmen caught two young seals; by dint of threats and caresses, he prevailed with *Coaxer* to nurse the amphibious strangers. Her own young were sent to a neighbouring gentleman's house, and in a few days she became quite reconciled to the seals. They lived six weeks, but never seemed to thrive; their nurse moaned over the first that died, and redoubled her anxiety about the other. When

deprived of it, she pined till her master took her some weeks from home.

A common sea-gull, in the possession of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Elgin, in Morayshire, has this season laid three eggs, from which were produced two birds; the female has been domesticated nearly ten years, and the male which paired with her has been resident near five years. Both parents are extremely sedulous in feeding their young, and will allow no one to approach them.

A gentleman had a grey-hound, that made a practice of going out unattended in search of hares, and never would deliver the game, except to him or one of his children. One day returning home after an absence of a week, he stopped at the door of a friend who lived near, when the dog, rushing from an adjoining field, presented herself with a hare in her mouth. The gentleman who had come out to receive Mr. M. seeing the dog, and aware of her purpose, hastened to the dining-room, and returned with a piece of meat to entice the dog to give him the hare; but hunger could not overcome her fidelity, her master had remained on horseback to try how she would behave; and, rejecting all the offers made by her tempter, she put up her fore-feet on the horse's flank, holding out the hare to her master.

A gentleman, attended by an aged she-dog, took up his quarters at a crowded inn, where he could get no bed but in the same room with another traveller. Both the gentlemen had saddlebags, and each laid his own property near his bed; they were entirely unknown to each other, and being very tired hardly exchanged a word, when

they fell asleep. Early in the morning Mr. K. was awake by his companion, who begged him to call off his dog; the faithful guard would not suffer the stranger to depart till his master ordered him to stand back from the door.

A gentleman who had many years rode the same horse, coming home late one night, fell fast asleep; his horse came to the door and neighed repeatedly; but the family, believing it must be some strayed animal, did not get up. Next morning early, when the servants went out, they found the horse quietly pasturing, and their master still in profound sleep on his back.

Geese have been branded with the imputation of stupidity; but the writer knows a gentleman who has a gander that punctually attends him some miles when he goes from home, and as he returns meets him near the same spot. Another gentleman's servant was very liberal in feeding the poultry; and old gander shewed his gratitude by following the ploughman even to church; and he spoiled the gravity of a procession at a burial, by solemnly marching beside his friend. After two years' absence he recognized the object of his attachment.

A pair of carriage-horses that had been six years driven together, became so inseparable, that, if the gentleman drove himself in a garden-chair with one of the comrades, the other invariably attended, and kept exact pace by the side of his associate; one of them, when at grass, sunk in a swamp, the other found a firm footing on the brink, held up his friend's head above the marsh, and by his neighing brought assistance just in time to save him. TH. N. R.

FRENCH ANECDOTES, &c.

VILLEMALIN.

I MUST return for a few moments to the public meeting of the *French Academy*, on the festival of St. Louis, in order to introduce to your readers a person of whom they have perhaps never yet heard, and who will in all probability become one of the first writers and ora-

tors of France. His name is VILLEMALIN, and the prize was adjudged to him at that meeting for the best eulogy on Montesquieu. This was announced by Suard in his report, nearly in the following terms: "A young man who, at the early age of 22 years, weighed with such skill the merits of Montaigne; who at 24 re-

presented with such impartiality the advantages and disadvantages of criticism; this day appears at 27 as the panegyrist of the most profound writer of our nation; and his eulogy possesses such pre-eminent merit that the Academy has not hesitated a moment to adjudge the prize to him." It should be observed, that this is the third prize obtained by M. Villemain from the Institute. This second was adjudged to him at the remarkable meeting in April, 1814, soon after the entry of the Allies. The Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia attended it, and heard his essay read. After the sitting, both sovereigns congratulated him on his extraordinary talents, and the Prussian monarch presented him as a model to his sons. Villemain's mother, who was present, wept for joy, and she too received the congratulations of the sovereigns. At the age of 20 Villemain was professor in one of the lyceums of Paris; he was soon afterwards professor of eloquence in the faculty of Belles Lettres, and has lately been appointed a director of the book trade. He will most likely advance still higher, and it is already apprehended that his appointments will divert him from the cultivation of literature. His lectures on eloquence are always so crowded by persons of the higher classes, that it was often difficult to obtain a seat. The word *Lectures* is indeed an improper term for the course; for he merely notes down a few facts and the longer quotations, repeating all the shorter most correctly from memory. In this course he often discourses for an hour and half on the subject of French literature with reference to eloquence, in the most florid and interesting style; and what he says is not trite, but the fruit of profound study and meditation. At the same time he combines literature, philosophy, and morality in such an astonishing manner that all his auditors are filled with admiration. He prepares the ground-work and outline of his discourse, but all the rest springs forth from him with a fluency that is truly extraordinary. I have often attended his course, and to me this talent has always appeared incomprehensible. On one occasion he treated of the influence which the study of the Fathers had had upon Bossuet

and so profoundly did he penetrate into the spirit of those Fathers, that each of his auditors must have supposed that he had never studied any other works. Another time, he analysed Bossuet's funeral oration on Henrietta of England, and as the delineation of Cromwell's character forms a principal feature of this masterly discourse, he drew a complete picture of the political situation of England at that time, to demonstrate to his auditors the correctness of every trait in that character. It is a pity that this course cannot be taken down with the rapidity with which M. Villemain speaks. It would form a work unique in its kind, far surpassing in solidity Laharpe's *Cours de Littérature*, as his prize essay, which has been printed, will serve to convince all who have never heard him. The merits of Montesquien have employed the pens of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Laharpe, but none has appreciated them so profoundly and so philosophically as M. Villemain.—*New Mon. Feb. 1817.*

THE BARON LARREY ON THE ORIGIN OF AMBER.

On our return to Königsberg, after the Treaty of Tilsit, I had time to examine the admiralty and the other establishments of the port of that city, which are equally remarkable for the beauty of their construction, as for their commodious distribution; and I made an excursion, by sea, with delight along all the western coast of Frischhafen to Pillau, where the great amber fishery is established. The fishermen sold us a collection of rough pieces of this yellow amber, *succinum*, in each of which we discovered various insects, as bees, beetles, ants, &c. We did not see them fish this kind of bitumen, but we learnt from the fishermen that this substance was thrown on the shore during great storms, under the form of a liquid froth, which hardened quickly on exposure to the air.

Writers are not agreed on the nature of amber, and the principles which compose it; but, reflecting on the variety of insects found in the concrete morsels, and on the little analogy there is between this substance and the bitumens, the resins, and the gums, I am

inclined to believe that it is as much the product of those masses of honey and wax which accumulated in grand quantity in the trunks of old trees of the immense forests of Western Europe, as of those found on the shores of the seas of the old Continent, where there is ordinarily a vast number of bees. The injuries of the air and tempests overturn the trees, or they fall from age, when they are imbedded in the turf and remain there, continuing to be saturated with the gases and the mineral acids which it contains, and thus changes the nature of the honey, until the rain, storms, the melting of the snows, sweep them in torrents to the rivers, and thus to the sea, the honey being still in a liquid state; there the conflicting waves detach the mass, impregnate them with the chemical principles of the sea-water, throw them on the surface in pieces sufficiently small for their tenacity to overcome the power of the waves. Thus exposed to the air, they perhaps imbibe new principles, acquire a greater consistency, and are thrown by the action of the waves on the coast; the insects we find in them are caught either in the flowing of the honey on the fall of a tree, or perhaps in their passage to the sea, which envelopes them in the mass; this, becoming concrete, preserves them in their natural forms and colours.

These pieces of yellow amber are cut at Koningsberg into all kinds of ornaments. The Egyptian physicians strongly recommend their use for women and children; according to them, a necklace and bracelet of yellow amber, which is a very pretty ornament, prevents vapours and nervous affections: they pretend also, that yellow amber for children removes disorders of worms, &c.; and, when they wear much, protects them from the electrical current, which, in great storms, might strike them. This reasoning sufficiently agrees with the observations afforded by experience; for my own part, I am of opinion that ladies cannot make choice of ornaments so useful, under many respects, as those of amber, which are beautiful without being too expensive. D. J. LARREY.

Paris; Nov. 2, 1816.

FRENCH ROBBERS.

Dec. 22, 1816.—The Court of Assizes this day, after four hours' deliberation, pronounced judgment on the affair relative to the great number of robbers, viz. eleven men and five women. One of the prisoners, named Gonthier, was aged only fifteen years six months; the rest had hardly passed thirty years. Almost all of them manifested at the trial a surprising effrontery. One of them, named Jardinaud, the elder, who was called, as a *nom de guerre*, Pied-de-Celer, said, "How! Mr. President, do you desire me to avow myself guilty, to destroy my mistress? promise me that she shall be safe, and I will acknowledge every thing." Another, named Gurgy, pleaded his own cause; he dissembled nothing, and sought only to affect the Judges by stating the misfortunes, true or false, which according to him, left him no alternative, since the age of thirteen years, but to become a robber. One of the complaints against Jardinaud the elder, the Chief of this band, was, that he had introduced himself, in the month of January last, into the apartments of the Countess of Caraman, Rue Saint Dominique, and of having carried off a gold watch, suspended at the head of the bed, without disturbing her Ladyship's repose.

CAUTION TO EXPERIMENTALISTS.

Mr. J. Welner, a German chymist, retired last summer to his house in the country, there to devote himself, without being disturbed, to the study and examination of poisonous substances. Mr. Welner tried his poisons upon himself, and appeared insensible to the great alterations which such dangerous trials produced upon his health. At the latter end of the month of October he invented some unknown poisonous mixture, and wished to assure himself of its effect. The following is the account which he gives of it in the last page of his manuscript:—"A potion composed of (here the substances are named, and the doses indicated) is mortal: and the proof of it is—that I am dying!"—*Panorama*, Feb. 1817.

BARON LARREY.

It is principally to Baron Larrey that military surgery owes its present state of perfection: before his time, the wounded were never thought of until the battle was over, the surgeons wisely keeping their stations, at least a league in the rear of the army: the humanity of Napoleon, aided by the Baron, suggested the mode of dressing their wounds on the field of battle, when the cases required it; he also invented cars for transporting the wounded the moment they fell, by which he has saved many thousand valuable lives, which may easily be conceived, when it is known that he was Napoleon's principal military surgeon in all the campaigns, from the commencement of his career to the battle of Waterloo, where the Baron's usual intrepidity and zeal was nearly fatal to him; for he received a severe wound in the head, fell, and remained two days on the field of battle, and, when discovered, was taken for Napoleon, being very like him, when he again ran the risk of his life from ignoble vengeance. On his return to Paris, the King stripped him of all in his power; but it would have had the appearance of injustice to entirely lay aside the first military surgeon in the world; therefore his most Christian Majesty has most graciously pleased to suffer him to continue his functions as surgeon-in-chief of the military hospital of the Royal Guard. His loss, besides his practice, from the paternal regulations of his most Christian Majesty is 1200*l.* per annum.—*Month. Mag. Mar.* 1817.

THE NAPOLEON MEDALS.

Of the numerous means employed to commemorate the achievements of Buonaparte, the public buildings and monuments of France bear ample witness. Some of the latter are exclusively devoted to this object; and the new government seem, very wisely to think the erasure of the memorials from the former, would be a mutilation ill compensated by an occasional suspension of the recollection of his previous power. Indeed, Buonaparte's name and fame are so engrafted with the arts and literature of France, during the period of his do-

minion, that it would be idle to employ force in subduing whatever of estimation may remain for him with the French people.

A Series of Medals in bronze, nearly 130 in number, struck at different epochs of his career, have been seen, each in celebration of some great and daring act of his government; a victory, a successful aggression, the conquest of a nation, the establishment of a new state, the elevation of some of his family, or his own personal aggrandisement. These medals are not more illustrative of his deeds than of his impatience to record them, and the peculiar temper of mind in which he caused his injuries upon the world to be "written in brass." Those about to be particularised are chiefly remarkable for the indication of feeling.

The medal commemorative of the Battle of Marengo bears, on one side, a large bunch of keys, environed by two laurel branches; and, on the reverse, Buonaparte, as a winged genius standing on dismounted cannon, to which four horses are attached, upon the summit of Mount St. Bernard, urges their rapid speed, with a laurel branch in one hand, whilst he directs the reins with the other.

That on the Peace of Luneville is two inches and a quarter in diameter, with the head of the First Consul in uncommonly bold relief; the device is the Sun arising in splendor upon that part of the globe which represents France, and which is overshadowed by laurels, whilst a cloud descends and obscures Great Britain—not the only mistaken anticipations of Buonaparte.

The commencement of hostilities by England, after the peace of Amiens, is designated by the English leopard tearing a scroll, with the inscription, *Le Traité d'Amiens rompu par l'Angleterre en Mai de l'An 1803*; on the reverse, a winged female figure in breathless haste forcing on a horse at full speed, and holding a laurel crown, inscribed, *L'Hanovre occupé par l'Armée Francoise en Juin de l'An, 1803*; and beneath *Frappeé avec l'Argent des Mines d'Hanovre l'An 4, de Bonaparte*.—His medal, on assuming the purple, has his portrait *Napoleon Empereur*, by Andrieu, who

has executed nearly all the portraits on his medals ; on the reverse, he is in his imperial robes, elevated by two figures, one armed, inscribed *Le Senat et le Peuple*.

The Battle of Austerlitz has, on the reverse, simply a thunderbolt, with a small figure of Buonaparte, enrobed and enthroned on the upper end of the shaft of the thunder.

In 1804, he struck a medal with an Herculean figure on the reverse, confining the head of the English leopard between his knees, whilst preparing a cord to strangle him, inscribed, *En l'An XII. 2000 barques sont construites* :—this was in contemplation of the invasion and conquest of England.

The reverse of the medal on the Battle of Jena, presents Buonaparte on an eagle in the clouds, as warring with giants on the earth, whom he blasts with thunderbolts.

The medal on the Confederation of the Rhine has, for its reverse, numerous warriors in antient armour, swearing, with their right hands on an altar, formed of an immense fasces, with the Imperial eagle projecting from it.

Not the least characteristic is a medal, with the usual head, *Napoleon Emp. et Roi*, on the exergue, with this remarkable reverse, a throne, with the Imperial robes over the back and across the sceptre which is in the chair ; before the throne is a table, with several crowns, differing in shape and dignity, and some sceptres with them lying upon it ; three crowns are on the ground, one broken and two upside down ; an eagle with a fasces hovers in the air ; the inscription is, *Souverainetés donnés M.DCCCVI.*

The reverses of the last four in succession, struck during the reign of Napoleon, are, 1. The Wolga, rising with astonishment from his bed at the sight of the French eagle ; 2. A representation of *le Bataille de la Moskowa, 7 Septembre, 1812* ; 3. A view of Moscow, with the French flag flying on the Kremlin, and an ensign of the French eagle, bearing the letter N, loftily elevated above its towers and minarets, dated 14th September, 1812 ; 4. A figure in the air, directing a furious storm against an armed warrior resembling Napoleon,

who, unable to resist the attack, is sternly looking back, whilst compelled to fly before it—a dead horse, cannon dismounted, and a waggon full of troops standing still, perishing in fields of snow ; the inscription is, *Retraite de l'Armée, Novembre, 1812.*

The next national medals struck were in honour of the Emperor Alexander, who entered Paris with the other Allied Sovereigns, and the name of Andrieu, whose portraits of Buonaparte are exquisitely beautiful, next appears on a medal, with a reverse, representing France crowned, eagerly welcoming the arrival of a ship, inscribed above, *Il porte la paix du Monde, 1814* ; bearing on the exergue a portrait of Louis XVIII.

The workmanship of the preceding medals is admirable, but most of them are surpassed in that respect by some to which we can do little more than allude.

A finely-executed medal, two inches and five-eighths in diameter, represents Napoleon enthroned in his full imperial costume, holding a laurel wreath ; on the reverse is a head of *Minerva*, surrounded by laurel and various trophies of the fine arts, with this inscription—*Ecole Française des Beaux Arts à Rome, rétablie et augmentée par Napoleon en 1803.* The reverses—of the Cathedral of Paris—a warrior sheathing his sword (on the battle of Jena)—and Buonaparte holding up the King of Rome, and presenting him to the people—are amongst the most highly finished and most inestimable specimens of art.

Unquestionably, the worst in the collection is the Consular medal, which, on that account, deserves description : it is, in size, about a half-crown-piece ; on the exergue, over a small head of Buonaparte, is inscribed, *Bonaparte premier consul* ; beneath it, *Cambacères, second consul, le Brun troisième consul de la république Française* ; on the reverse, *Le peuple Française a ses défenseurs première pierre de la colonne nationale, posée par Lucien Bonaparte, ministre de l'intérieur, 25 Messidore, An 8, 14 Juillet, 1800.*—One other medal on-

ly appears with the name of Lucien Buonaparte; it is that struck in honour of Marshal Turenne upon the *Translation du corps de Turenne au Temple de Mars par les ordres du premiere Consul Buonaparte*; and is of a large size, bearing the head of Turenne, with, beneath it, *Sa glorie apportent au peuple Francaise*. Several are in honour of General Desaix, whose memory Buonaparte appears to have held in great esteem.

Those on his marriage with the lovely and ill-fated Maria Louisa, bear her head beside his own; and a small one on that occasion has, for its reverse, a Cupid, carrying with difficulty a thunderbolt. Those on the birth of their child bear the same heads on the exergue, with the head of an infant on the reverse, inscribed, *Napoleon Francois Joseph Charles, Roi de Rome, xx. Mars M.DCCCXI.*

These grand medals offer a memento appalling to rulers, and truly beneficial to mankind. They will shew posterity, that though daring enterprize may

attain to vast dominion, it cannot be preserved at the expense of the rights and feelings of the vanquished; and that though the oppressor in the day of his prosperity, and in the confidence of his might, scorn the voice of the oppressed, yet power never can be maintained, by violence alone, against public opinion, publicly expressed.

However much we may be disposed to admire Buonaparte for having left such fine monuments of art and taste to the admiration of posterity, we must not forget, that, with such means, and better propensities, he might have left more.

With greater opportunity to confer happiness than ever before fell to the lot of one man, he prosecuted a selfish career of wild ambition, and preferred the imitation of Alexander and Cæsar at all times, to that of Trajan or Antoninus at any time. Hence only a very few of this fine series of medals commemorate the exercise of those charities that emanate from true greatness.—*Euro. Mag.*

RICHTER'S TRAVELS.

From the Literary Panorama.

THE untimely death of the learned and inquisitive traveller, Otto Von Richter, is a most afflicting circumstance for the scientific world, as well as his numerous friends in Germany and Russia. In company with the accomplished Swedish Traveller, Lindman, he had travelled in 1815 through all Egypt and Nubia, and discovered beyond Philoe, on the spot where the ancient state of Meroe was situated, considerable remains of ancient Architecture which had hitherto escaped notice. The Grand Signori firman procured him protection every where as far as Nubia; and, according to a letter from him dated Damietta, August 14, 1815, he met with a most friendly reception from Ali Bey, Governor of Damanhur. The Governor of Syene accompanied him in person, through the desert as far as Ell Heiff, (Philoe). Near Assuan, (Syene), the Eastern arm of the Nile being unusually low, the traveller was able to wade

through it, to get to the island of Elephantine. By the care of Ibrahim, Governor of Upper Egypt, he was enabled to continue his journey up the Nile, to Idrim, the capital of Nubia, which belongs to the Turks. Though he was much pleased with the mode of living of the inhabitants, a handsome race of people, which in many of the conveniences of life resembles that of the Europeans, he found it adviseable to set out upon his return to Cairo on the 9th of June, 1815. In fact, immediately after his departure from Turkish Nubia, a destructive civil war broke out between three brothers, who, nominally dependent on the Pacha of Egypt, govern Nubia to the farther side of the great Cataracts, and as far as Dongola. When Richter and Lindman returned to Cairo at the end of July, and were ready at the beginning of August to traverse the Delta in all directions, a mutiny broke out among the Arnauts, who are now

the only infantry of Mehmed Ali, pacha of Egypt. The travellers now changed their plan, and proceeded by sea from Damietta to Jaffa. At Acre, Lindman parted from Richter. The latter having taken a cursory survey of the deserts of Tyre and Sidon, proceeded to Balbec, (Heliopolis) whither the pacha of Acre had given him letters to one of the principal chiefs. The sight of the highly ornamented remains of Balbec was much more pleasing to our traveller than that of the immense masses of ruins at Luxor and Carnac. Afterwards, he travelled in safety through Syria to the top of

Lebanon, examined the principal monasteries, and the road of Antonine over the mountains, and visited Aleppo, Damascus, and even Tadmor, (Palmyra) in the desert. While exploring the site of the Ancient Ephesus, which neither Choiseul Gouffier nor the modern English travellers have rightly indicated, he caught an infectious fever in the morasses and wildernesses of that desolate country, which in a few days terminated his life. He has left papers and drawings of the greatest importance to the arts and sciences, which have been happily preserved.—*Lit. Gaz.*

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the Monthly Magazine.

MEASUREMENT OF THE KUMAON MOUNTAINS.

ALLOW me to call the attention of your readers to the importance of the information communicated by Lieut. WEBB, respecting the altitudes of the principal mountains of the province of Kumaon, in Nepaul. In order to place it in a more striking point of view, I shall beg leave to repeat the table which contains the results of that officer's observations on 27 peaks :—

Number of Peaks.	Altitude above the Sea.
1	22,345 feet.
2	22,058
3	22,840
4	21,611
5	19,106
6	22,498
7	22,578
8	23,164
9	21,311
10	15,733
11	20,686
12	23,263
13	22,313
14	25,669
15	22,419
16	17,994
17	19,153
18	21,439
19	22,635
20	20,407

21	19,099
22	19,497
23	22,727
24	22,238
25	22,277
26	21,045
27	20,923

On referring to the Encyclopædia Britannica, I find the heights of most of the mountains of the Old and New World hitherto ascertained, to be as follows :—

	Feet.
Ætna, in Sicily	10,032
Mont Perdu, in the Pyrennees	11,000
Peak of Teneriffe	11,424
Finsteraahorn, in the Swiss Alps	12,000
Schreckhorn, ditto	13,000
Mont Blanc	15,662
Tunguras, South America	16,170
Cotopaxi	18,600
Chimborasso, by the barometer	20,910

Now upon reference to the preceding table, it will be seen that out of the 27 peaks, measured by Lieut. Webb, the very lowest (No. 10) surpasses Mont Blanc, the highest point of the European continent by 71 feet; that 19 out of the 27 exceed the Chimborasso, hitherto considered the most elevated point of the globe; and that the highest of these Asiatic peaks (No. 14) towers to the prodigious elevation of 4,759 feet above that giant of the Andes!

It may be interesting to your readers to know that when the table communi-

casting this new and important fact in geographical science was transmitted to the Principal of the University of Edinburgh, it was received with an enthusiasm of surprise by the learned of that city, and immediately submitted to the Society of Natural History there, who intended to introduce it into the next volume of their Memoirs.

London ; Jan. 2, 1817.

ST. CECILIA AND ST. CATHERINE.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.
SIR,

Wm. Retlas, in answer to his queries, is informed that St. Cecilia was the patroness of music, which had been the occasion of painters and sculptors frequently representing her as playing on the organ, and sometimes on the harp. By Raphael she has been represented as singing, with a regal in her hands ; and by Dominichino and Mignard, singing and playing on the harp. She has been honoured as a martyr ever since the fifth century, and her story, as transcribed from the Notaries of the Romish Church into the Golden Legend, and other books of that kind, is very curious. The tradition that she excelled in music, and that an angel was enamoured of her melody, is beautifully expressed by two of our finest poets : Dryden in his *Alexander's Feast*, and Pope in his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* : viz.

"At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and art unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

DRYDEN.

"Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given ;
His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
Her's lift the soul to Heaven."

POPE.

Saint Catherine is related to have suffered martyrdom on a wheel armed with spikes and traversed with a sword, which accounts for her being represented in pictures as leaning on a wheel. A sign called the *Catherine Wheel* is still in being over some public-houses, with the above representation.

OPENING OF THE SEVEN SEALS.

Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. WEST is painting on an extensive scale from his much admired sketch of the *Opening of the Seven Seals*, or *Death on a Pale Horse*. The figures are larger than life. The subject belongs to the terrible sublime ; the head of Death, nearly finished, is most expressive of that character, and forms the key to the whole picture. From the arrangement adopted by this great artist we have every reason to anticipate a work equal in sublimity and energy to any of his former productions.

Mr. WEST is likewise engaged upon a composition which is intended to be painted upon glass for the beautiful new church of Mary-le-bon. The subject is the angel announcing the birth of our Saviour, and the heavenly host singing, *Glory to God in the highest*, &c. This composition is equally beautiful and appropriate, and when finished cannot fail to prove uncommonly attractive.—*Ibid.*

APELLES.

Alexander went to see his portrait at Ephesus, painted by Apelles, but did not commend the piece as it deserved. A horse was introduced, and neighed to the horse in the picture, as if it was a living one. "My prince," said Apelles, "the horse seems a better connoisseur than yourself."—*Mon. Mag. Feb. 1817.*

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.

This unfortunate amateur of the arts was Adjutant-general to his Majesty's forces in North America. Love, who has created many a poet, caused André to attempt the art of design : he painted a portrait of his mistress, a Miss Honora Sneyd, a protégée of the Swards ; and however inferior it might be considered as a work of art, it was looked upon by Miss Seward as the most correct resemblance of her friend, as may be seen in this lady's will. Miss Sneyd had exchanged eternal vows of fidelity with Major André, but thought proper to marry another, whose ill-usage soon broke her heart. She died of a consumption a few months before her unfortunate lover suffered an ignominious death. He had entered the army in order to

overcome his unfortunate attachment by exertion, and was discovered by the Americans as a spy, and hung by the command of Gen Washington.

"Major André," says Miss Seward in her life of him, "possessed numberless good qualities; he was a poet, a musician, and a painter. On the union of his faithless mistress with another, he left the counting-house of his uncle, and stimulated by despair entered the English army. Careless of his existence he formed a plan of obtaining intelligence of the American army by visiting their lines in disguise; when being thrown off his guard he offered his watch as a bribe, to the centinels who suspected him: he was found guilty, and suffered October 20, 1780, aged 29."—"I have been taken prisoner" (says he in a letter) "by the Americans, and stript of every thing save my picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth: preserving this I yet think myself fortunate." At his death this picture was found round his neck. There is a portrait of Major André engraved by Sherwin, after a drawing by this unfortunate gentleman.

EXPERIMENT OF THE BOTTLE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

Having seen some remarks in your Magazine for December 1815, p. 392, respecting the sinking of an empty bottle closely corked, to the depth of 100 fathoms, I am induced to hope you will not deem the following account of six experiments, made on board the Prince Leopold, near the Bay of Biscay, on the 10th Oct. last, as unworthy of insertion.

First, we let down an empty bottle well corked (which was sunk by the aid of lead) about fifty fathoms; when drawn up, it was filled with water, the cork inverted, and forced about half way out of the bottle. The bottle was filled with fresh water, closely corked, and let down again; when drawn up, the cork was inverted as before, and the bottle full of water, which was brackish.

The third time, the captain put a piece of twine under the cork, and tied it round the neck of the bottle, so that, if the cork went the twine must break. It was again sunk to the same depth,

and, when taken up, the cord was much forced, but not broken, and the bottle was about half full of water.

A piece of twine was again put under the cork, and a thick coat of sealing-wax on the top of it. It was sunk this time ninety-eight fathoms; when raised the twine and seal were both broken and the cork inverted.

We then tied a piece of twine under the cork, forced a strong stocking-needle through the top of it, which rested on each side of the bottle's neck, and dipped it in boiling pitch. It was let down the same depth as the last, and, when taken up, the cork was turned as before, the twine broken, the needle bent and forced in with the cork, and the bottle full of water.

The sixth time, we put a cord cross-wise under the cork, the cork and bottle-neck were dipped in boiling pitch, afterwards a piece of strong canvass was tied closely over the warm pitch; then the canvass, cork, and bottle-neck dipped in pitch again, and sunk to the depth of ninety-eight fathoms. On drawing it up, it appeared that the water had pressed with great force on the cork, but the bottle was empty. This proves that the water must enter at the cork, and not as Mr. Campbell, in his Travels in Africa, seems to suppose, through the pores of the bottle. L.

GOOSE, A SACRED DISH.

Diodorus Siculus (ii. 3.) mentions the goose as a regular and favourite dish of the Ægyptian kings. On several monuments constructed by them, priests are represented offering the goose in sacrifice. Athenæus (xiv. 74.) records the fondness of Lacedæmonians for the goose. The Greeks fattened their geese with figs, which much enlarged the dimensions of the liver; such livers, called *οιχατα*, were greatly esteemed. The Romans not only valued the goose as a good dish, but kept holy geese, at the public expense, in honour of those which saved the capitol. A something of vulgarity became attached, in imperial times, to eating goose. Petronius says:

"At albus anser,
Et pictis anas enotata pennis,
Plebeium sapit."

According to Lampridius, (Geta 5,) the Emperor Geta had given orders to his cook to serve his dinners in alphabetic order. To-day every dish was to begin with an *a*, and to-morrow with a *b*. Under him the *anser* had the honor of ushering in every cyclus of repasts. Alexander Severus (Lampr. 37,) commonly dined on chicken, but added a goose on solemn occasions such as the birth-day of those worthies whom he honoured with a select veneration.

In modern times, the goose has become consecrated to St. Martin, and medals have been struck, representing on one side a goose; on the reverse, the word *Martinalia*. Whence this singular association of idea? The festival of St. Martin of Tours, is indicated in the Catholic calendars to be held on the 11th November; and it was a rule among his devotees to roast a goose for the family-dinner on the day of his anniversary. Martin Schoock, a Flemish monk, had made it a case of conscience, whether, even on the eve of the little Lent, it be allowable to eat goose. *Anticeat Martinalibus anserem comedere. Exerc. xvii. p. 205.* But, after diving into the weedy pool of casuistic argument, the delighted devotee emerged with permission to roast his goose. And thus the goose came to be a standing dish on the continent at Martinmas, as in England at Michaelmas.

Geese are usually roasted, and eaten young, under the name of *green geese*, with sorrel sauce, or with apple sauce, or with gooseberries. They are eaten adult, under the name of *stubble geese*; in which state they were stuffed by the Romans with white meats, and by the Germans with chesnuts. According to the laureat's sonnet they are very fine:

Seasoned with sage, and onions, and port wine.

In Gascony, goose-hams are prepared in great numbers for exportation. The legs are cut off, salted, and half cooked in goose fat, in which state they keep very long, and are eaten, boiled, with sour-kROUT. In a gibletpie, the gizzard of a green-geese, the liver of a stubble-geese is preferred. Goose-dripping is esteemed the best sauce to a Norfolk dumpling. To celebrate the goose, the idler and the author should conspire, the

one in gratitude for his feather-bed, and the other for his pen.—*Mon. Mag.*

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

The following account of a most extraordinary adventure, that occurred some time since in a Tiger hunt, was given in the last Hurkaru.

Tiger-hunt : presence of mind.—July 6, 1816. "On the march of our detachment from Louton to Bulrampore, to join General Wood, we arrived at our first ground of encampment, about 8 A. M. Soon after our arrival, the Zumeendar of the village came to us to complain, that a tiger had taken up his quarters in the vicinity, and committed daily ravages amongst the cattle; he had also killed several villagers, and had that morning wounded the son of the Zumeendar. On this information, Lieut. Colnett, Capt. Robertson, and Dr. Hamilton, mounted their elephants, and proceeded to dislodge the animal. They soon discovered the object of their search; Lieut. Colnett's elephant being a little in advance, was attacked by him; the other elephants turned round and ran off to a short distance. The tiger had sprung upon the shoulder of Lieutenant Colnett's elephant, who in that situation fired at him, and he fell. Conceiving him to be disabled, Lieut. C. descended from the elephant, for the purpose of despatching him with his pistols, but in alighting, he came in contact with the tiger, which had only couched for a second spring, and which, having caught hold of him by the thigh, dragged him some distance along the ground—Having succeeded in drawing one of a brace of pistols from his belt, Lieut. Colnett fired, and lodged a ball in the body of the tiger, when the beast becoming enraged, shook him violently without letting go his hold, and made off towards the thickest part of the jungle, with his prey. In the struggle to free himself from the clutches of the animal, Colnett caught hold of him by both ears, and succeeded after some time, in throwing the beast upon his side, when he availed himself of this momentary release to draw forth the remaining pistol, and clapping the muzzle to the breast of the tiger, shot him through the heart. He then returned to his elephant, which he

mounted without assistance, feeling at the moment little pain from his wounds, of which he had received no fewer than five and twenty, between the knee and the groin, many of them severe. I understand, he has ever since continued to suffer from the consequences of the conflict, and that he has lost the motion of that knee, which was the seat of the principal injury." (*Calcutta Times.*)

— SNIPE SHOOTING.

In the march of a detachment of our Indian army, under the command of Sir G. Holmes from Baroda to Palempore, two young officers of the 56th regiment were amusing themselves during a halt, by snipe shooting. They had been beating the jungles on the banks of a river, and one jungle they had repeatedly tried in vain. They were, however, surprised by a tremendous roar, and the sudden spring of an enormous animal from this very jungle. Lieut. Wilson, on whom the animal sprang, upon his recovery stated, that he neither saw, nor heard, nor felt more, than that the monster's mouth was close to his own. His companion, Lieut. Smelt, saw the tiger's spring; he gave a backward cat-like stroke with his paw, and, on Wilson's fall he smelt of him, paused for a moment, and then leapt off, as a cat would have done if disturbed at a meal. Smelt, expecting that Wilson had been killed, reached the camp, and immediately sent the dooly (a sort of palanquin bearers) to the spot. They found Wilson alive, but insensible; his flesh had been torn away from his head downward, to the lower part of the back, and a wound on the thigh, in all 19 wounds. A half-eaten buffalo was found in the jungle, on which, luckily for Wilson, our tiger had dined. We are happy to add that the wounded gentleman is now living and well; both the sportsmen will be rather more cautious in snipe-shooting in India.

AMUSEMENTS IN INDIA.

Extract of a recent letter from Cawnpore:—"On the bank of the river Goomty, we had a mock elephant fight, between two females trained for the purpose. An officer having expressed a desire to see an elephant and crocodile fight,

which had been previously talked of by the Vizier and his courtiers, his Excellency had the goodness to send to the river Gograt and order several to be caught, and brought on hackeries to the Goomty. We walked from Moobarrick Munzul over a new bridge of boats with wooden rowers, battlements and embrasures for cannon upon it, to the opposite side, and there was an immense alligator and middle sized crocodile alive, with several of the latter lying dead. The elephants were brought up to the crocodile, and one of them trod upon it, with its foot, so as almost to crush it, but although the crocodile screamed with pain, it recovered. The elephants could not be made to attack the large alligator, than which a more hideous monster cannot be imagined, with a prodigious long head and sharp teeth, the elephants approaching near to it, carefully rolled up the proboscis into the smallest possible circumference, and whenever one came near, the alligator made a snap at the proboscis, or one of the legs of the elephant, the jaws meeting without seizing any part of the animal, gave a smart sound, that might have been heard at some distance. A country dog was then brought and tied near the alligator, who got it completely in his mouth, the dog at times escaping out, attacking and biting the monster's nose, or substance at the extremity of the upper jaw, making it bleed freely, although at one time, the dog's hind foot was in its mouth; however, the alligator, at last got the dog again in its mouth, and gave it so severe a crush between its long and formidable teeth, that the dog appeared dead. Water was then thrown by bheestees upon the alligator and dog, and the latter liberated from the mouth of the monster; when to our great surprise and pleasure, up rose the dog and ran off: this occurred with two country dogs, and both got off safe.—It was not a very gratifying spectacle, but certainly a very curious one. The crocodile and alligator were no doubt greatly enfeebled by having been brought from so great a distance tightly bound with cords upon hackeries, and out of their own element, besides which, they were not entirely released from the cords when attacked

with elephants and dogs. Moobarrick Munzul is crowded with curiosities, fine furniture, and most beautiful lustre wall girandoles.

"Early next morning, we went to a large spot of ground, near the new grand stables inclosed with a tiled mud wall, where his Excellency's wild beasts and birds are kept. Tigers, leopards, siagushes, bears, monkeys, porcupines, sables, flying foxes, &c. in abundance. The most curious animals, are two of the Ramghur Hill Dogs, called by Williamson *Dhools*, which that writer says, are reported to unite in bodies of four or five hundred, to hunt, and kill the most ferocious tigers. Some people

say these animals look like large English foxes, but most assuredly the size (very large,) by no means agrees with my recollection of an English fox: It is true, I have not seen one for these forty years. These animals are extremely lively, continually moving briskly round their cage, and the keeper told me they occasionally barked like dogs. 'Kootah ka awage, Bhooka, Bhooka, kurta by.'

"There is a vast variety of birds: the cassowary, pheasants of all kinds, and some of the most beautiful parrots I ever beheld, with brown bodies and wings, with purple breasts; green bodies with light green breasts, striped and waved with yellow."—*Lit. Pan.*

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN DURING HIS CHILDHOOD.

By his Preceptor, the Abbe MILLOT.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ONE of the most remarkable publications that has lately appeared here (says our Paris correspondent) is *The Life of the Duke of Burgundy, Father of Louis XV.* a posthumous performance of the Abbé MILLOT, author of several well known historical works. The author was in 1778 appointed preceptor to the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, and it was for this young prince that he composed *The Life of the Duke of Burgundy* and the dialogues which have just appeared. Prefixed to the work is an account of the author and of the Duke d'Enghien; and I know from good authority that not only M. Jacques, who always accompanied the prince, and who shared his confinement when the Duke was treacherously surprised in the village of Ettenheim, but likewise several other persons well acquainted with the circumstances attending his assassination, were consulted in the compilation of this account. It contains an interesting extract of the journal of education which the tutor seems to have kept in regard to his pupil. In one place the Abbe speaks of him as follows:—I soon perceived that the young prince was extremely lively, indocile, headstrong, full of whims, spoiled by his female attend-

ants, and therefore very difficult to govern. For this purpose, equal firmness, kindness, prudence, and ability were required. Too much severity was likely to create aversion; and he would have abused too much indulgence. He possesses himself too much penetration not to discover the weak side of his instructors, and is too mischievous not to take advantage of it. Add to this, the natural antipathy of childhood to restraint and study. To keep a head impregnated with saltpetre to lessons for two successive hours, morning and evening, was a task sufficient to alarm me. The first days gave me some uneasiness. I observed tears, a strong repugnance and indocility; but I perceived also that the transition from crying to laughing was the affair of a moment; that by varying things a good deal I could gain some attention for each, and that, with management, if I did not cross him too much and overlooked some sallies, I might contrive to fill up the time for study: this was a great point. At the beginning nothing was more useful to me than fables, selected from Lafontaine's, and well explained. When we had thoroughly comprehended one, the next thing was to learn it by heart. We proceeded

step by step, always learning together, without which I should never have been able to fix his attention. In this manner I made him learn all the best pieces in Lafontaine. The memory, understanding, and taste, were all exercised at once. I take great care, when he is repeating any thing and makes a mistake, to present the idea instead of telling him the word: thus the operation of reason is added to that of the memory. Rousseau and other philosophers may well assert that these fables so employed are admirable for children. They amuse while they engage them: they develop or create ideas: they familiarize the pupil with the graces of expression, and even impart a feeling for beauties of style which mature age alone might be supposed capable of relishing. His memory is ready, but not very retentive: it retains ideas much better than words. He has known more of geography than I did at twenty. He forgets it so easily that I merely now and then place the principal notions before his eyes. On the other hand he will recollect, after an interval of several months, an anecdote related *en passant*, or a remark of the importance of which he is not aware. In short, ideas accumulate in his head, and though he often confuses them in a ludicrous manner, yet it is evident that he combines them very sensibly. This kind of memory must be excellent when it comes to be seconded by reason. An extraordinary perspicacity also renders him as susceptible of instruction as the warmth of his temper tends to make him averse to it. I soon perceived and profited by this advantage. By appearing rather to converse than teach; by contriving to afford him the pleasure of finding out things himself; by explaining every thing, and requiring reasons for every thing: in a word, and this is my fundamental principal—by placing reason invariably at the threshold of his understanding—I found means, without effort, in spite of his excessive giddiness, to make him acquire more knowledge, and in particular more judgment than I ever had in my life at a much more advanced age. As it is in his disposition to kick when my bridle is held tight, and to run away when it is relaxed,

I have great obstacles to overcome; sometimes the caprices of temper, at others the sallies of indocility; almost always an agitation of body and a dissipation of mind that nothing can equal. It requires address and indulgence both to prevent faults and to obviate disgust. Sometimes, however, it is necessary to punish: weakness would be still worse than severity. In the beginning, after an unpardonable disobedience, I shut the book, and declared that I would not continue the lesson: he wept much, and begged permission to do what he had before refused. I continued firm for some time, and at length yielded only to his most earnest intreaties. This method had often been attended with success. I still employ it though the tears no longer come. I have sometimes aggravated *ennui* by forcing him to pursue a passage which he disliked. He would accustom himself to any thing if one were to be inflexible. One day when he had wilfully transgressed a formal prohibition, I gave him his choice either to be deprived of the desert, or to beg pardon of God upon his knees. He chose the former. It was not long before he relapsed into the same fault, I immediately ordered him to fall upon his knees and beg pardon of God, which he did after some hesitation, and I remitted the other part of the punishment. He never was guilty of the same fault afterwards. Notwithstanding the indifference which he frequently affects towards reproof and even humiliation, he is not without pride. I told him the other day, being satisfied with him, that I wished to reward him, not with sweetmeats or amusements, but with honour. The best reward, he answered, is the approbation of one's conscience.—Very true, but it is just that those who deserve it should be farther rewarded. I will mention your good behaviour at table, and afford you an opportunity of doing yourself honour by repeating something of your lesson.—This gave him great pleasure. I have already contrived several occasions for him to display his little acquirements, and he has turned them to good account. When age and reason shall have tempered the petulance of the young prince, instruction will produce in him the fairest

fruit. The wish to please, combined with a store of knowledge, will excite him to distinguish himself by glorious qualities.

Such was in his childhood the prince who ought to have been the pride and the prop of his house, and who is unfortunately the subject of its everlasting

regret. All the world knows that the treachery which enabled Buonaparte to secure the person of this prince, and his subsequent murder, are among the blackest of the crimes by which he stained his reign, and unhappily of too long continuance.

RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Concluded.

SOON after this, the melancholy indisposition of his Majesty led to the consideration of a question of the greatest magnitude, and which may truly be said to have exceeded in importance the settlement of the crown after the abdication of James the Second. On this question, which related to the mode of supplying the defect of the exercise of the royal authority, Mr. Sheridan, as might be expected, strenuously advocated the exclusive, unconditional right, of the heir-apparent to assume the office of Regent, without even consulting or being bound by parliament. In this doctrine he certainly did not stand alone, but considering the favour in which he was held at Carlton House, and the well known trust reposed in his opinion by the Prince, it was generally believed that he took the lead in those counsels which were then prevalent on this subject. Certain it is, that the letter written by the Prince to Mr. Pitt on the parliamentary restrictions, was the composition of Mr. Sheridan; and from this fact alone, it is evident that his influence exceeded that of his political associates. At present there can hardly exist two opinions on the matter which was then so strongly contested; and while due credit must be given to the ability with which the friends of the Prince maintained his claims, every candid observer who knows any thing of the constitutional principles of the English government, must see the glaring inconsistency of the Whigs on this point, and their total departure from the great doctrines laid down at the Revolution. Providentially, however, the restoration of his Majesty's health at that time put a stop to the practical necessity of adopting any further measure, than the settlement of such positions and reg-

ulations as should serve for precedents in any future exigency of a similar nature.

The French revolution, which was now in its portentous infancy, soon made such rapid strides to gigantic terror, as could not fail to attract universal attention. In England this tremendous event was beheld by some with fearful expectation, while by others it was contemplated with pleasure, and the eager anticipation of still more extensive changes for the diffusion of liberty. Among the former, Mr. Burke took the lead; and with the perspicuity of an enlightened statesman who examines minutely into the moral elements as well as the external movements of great bodies, he perceived that all this pretext of freedom and the rights of man arose from the corrupt motives of deep and designing men to overturn a government for their own purposes. Mr. Sheridan, on the other hand, whether out of pique or vanity, though it is possible that there was in his conduct a mixture of both, seized every opportunity to eulogize the French army and the Convention for resisting the monarch and countenancing the atrocities committed in the name of liberty. On the 9th of February 1790, when Mr. Burke took occasion to animadvert upon some points advanced by Mr. Fox upon this subject, Sheridan interfered, and attacked the former with great vehemence, and charged him with defending an accursed system of despotic government. This could hardly be supposed to sit quietly upon a mind so lofty and irritable as that of Burke, who, in reply answered, that he most sincerely lamented the inevitable necessity of now publicly declaring, that henceforth his honourable friend and he were separated in politics; yet, even in the very moment of separation, he expected that his

honourable friend, for so he had been in the habit of calling him, would have treated him with some degree of kindness; or, at least, if he had not, for the sake of a long and amicable connexion heard him with some partiality, he would have done him the justice of representing his arguments fairly. On the contrary, he had cruelly and unexpectedly mis-stated the nature of his observations, by charging him with being an advocate for despotism, though it was in the recollection of the honourable gentleman and the whole house, that in the beginning of his speech he had expressly reprobated every measure which carried with it even the slightest appearance of despotism. All who knew him could not avoid acknowledging that he was the professed enemy of despotism in every shape; whether it appeared as the splendid tyranny of Lewis the Fourteenth, or the outrageous democracy of the present government of France, which levelled all distinctions in society. The honourable gentleman also had charged him with having libelled the National Assembly, and stigmatized them as a bloody, cruel, and ferocious democracy. Mr. Burke said, he appealed to the house, whether he had uttered a single syllable concerning the National Assembly, which could warrant such a construction as that put upon his words. He felt himself warranted in repelling the imputation; because, the whole tenor of his life had proved that he was a sincere friend to freedom, and as such, he was concerned to find that there were persons in this country who entertained theories of government not consistent with the safety of the state, and who were ready to transfer a part, at least, of that anarchy which prevailed in France to this kingdom, for the purpose of effecting their own designs. Having pursued this strain of self-vindication to a considerable length, Mr. Burke concluded, with saying "it appeared that the honourable gentleman had made a sacrifice of his friendship, for the sake of catching some momentary popularity. But if the fact was such, however greatly he should continue to admire his talents, he must tell him, that his argument was chiefly an argument *ad invidiam*, and

that all the applause for which he could hope from clubs was scarcely worth the sacrifice which he had chosen to make for so insignificant an acquisition."

Thus terminated a friendship of long standing, and to which Sheridan was no doubt indebted for a considerable portion of that knowledge which was necessary to establish his reputation, though he wanted industry to cultivate his extraordinary powers by close application.

It may here be proper to observe, that so complete was this disruption, and such was the aversion of Mr. Burke to the political principles and private conduct of his old acquaintance, that whenever Sheridan's name was announced, he always quitted the company. For this, indeed, he seems to have had sufficient reason, as notwithstanding the rebuke which Burke had given in the speech just mentioned, the other continued, on many occasions, to goad him with severe remarks in the house, particularly on that subject which he knew would always act poignantly on his feelings. This certainly was ungenerous and imprudent, because it could only serve to widen a breach, which by conciliation, might have been healed; and it tended, in a great degree, to lessen the respect that was due to a man, who merited the thanks of all mankind, for the energy with which he resisted the deadly doctrines of political fanatics, who were obviously bent on the destruction of all social order, in the levelling of rank and property.

In 1792, Mr. Sheridan lost his amiable partner, who died of a consumption at Bristol Wells, leaving two children, a son and a daughter; the former being now living at the Cape of Good Hope, but the latter died shortly after her mother of a similar complaint at Wanstead. Mrs. Sheridan's maternal family came from Wells, in the cathedral of which city her remains were deposited, in the same vault with those of her brothers Thomas and Samuel, and her sister Maria Tickell, all of whom were remarkable for their extraordinary musical talents.

In 1795 Mr. Sheridan married Miss Harriet Ogle, youngest daughter of Dr. Newton Ogle, dean of Winchester and

prebendary of Durham, by whom he had one son named Charles, who is also living.

Though this ingenious man and powerful speaker continued through life the inflexible opponent of Mr Pitt, to whom, indeed, he seems to have had a personal repugnance, it is but a tribute of strict justice to say, that on some occasions, he acted nobly in dissenting from his own party. Thus, when Mr. Fox thought it unnecessary to attend his parliamentary duties, because he could not obtain his object, which was the adoption of a new system favourable to the republican rules of France, Mr. Sheridan continued his attendance, and in some critical instances gave his support to government. This patriotism was remarkably conspicuous and beneficial during the alarming mutiny among the seamen of the fleet, which called for prompt measures and united strength to save the country from destruction. Then Mr. Sheridan displayed his talents to great advantage, and acted most honourably in laying aside party politics for the general safety, while his associates either remained silent, or absented themselves from their public station as the representatives of the people.

In 1799 Mr. Sheridan returned once more to theatrical concerns and produced a splendid drama, translated from the German of Kotzebue, under the name of Pizarro, though in the original, the piece bears the title of *The Spaniards in Peru*. This performance was sold to Mr. Sheridan by a German for one hundred pounds, but the version was so unintelligible that little use could be made of it; but two other translations in manuscript falling in his way he adopted them, and with a slight addition of his own, contrived to render the piece highly attractive for that and the ensuing season. The play was printed with the name of Mr. Sheridan prefixed, and it is said, that not less than twenty-nine thousand copies of it were sold in a short space of time.

When, by the death of Mr. Pitt, a new administration was formed, Mr. Sheridan was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, in which office, he no otherwise distinguished himself than by giving a grand fête at Somerset House, where Lord Erskine,

then Chancellor, Lord Henry Petty, and other members of the cabinet, are said to have exerted their agility in the ball room till seven o'clock in the morning; but the most curious part of the festivity consisted in the circumstance, that the servants in waiting were bailiffs and their followers, who being then in possession on various executions, were put into liveries obtained from Drury Lane Theatre, to disguise their character and render them useful.

But it was the fortune of Mr. Sheridan to be connected with very short-lived administrations, and this soon terminated through the imprudence of the party in endeavouring to impose upon the King, with respect to the great question of catholic emancipation. On this occasion the wit observed, that he had heard of men knocking out their brains by running against a wall, but he had never known, till now, of any thing so foolish as to build a wall for the purpose.

From this period, Mr. Sheridan gradually declined in the public estimation, and became more and more embarrassed in his circumstances. Having succeeded in getting returned for the city of Westminster, he was thrown out on a subsequent application at Stafford, and at the last general election he was not chosen for any place.

The closing years of his life were passed under a cloud which depressed his faculties and injured his health. He was lost to the world and almost to society. They who once admired now forsook him; and such is the instability of political friendship, even Mr. Fox before his demise, behaved with great coolness to his old companion and zealous adherent.

The disease of which Mr. Sheridan died had its seat in the liver, and the length of its continuance plainly evinced the strength of the original stamina, had the same not been undermined by irregular habits, which increased as he advanced in years and trouble, till he escaped from this mortal scene to enjoy, as we sincerely trust, eternal rest. He died on Sunday the 7th July, 1816, and was interred on the Saturday following in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, near the graves of Garrick and Cumberland.

POETRY.

A NORTHERN SPRING.

From Helga, a Poem, by the Rev. William Herbert.

YESTRENE the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow ;
The sun set red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still :
But ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast ;
Thick roll'd the clouds, and genial rain
Pour'd the wild deluge o'er the plain.
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
O'tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of Northern land ;
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze ;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
Return'd from regions far away,
The red-wing'd throistle pours his lay ;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
While the breeze whistles through his wing ;
And as he hails the melting snows,
The heathcock claps his wings and crows.
Bright shines the sun on Sigtune's towers,
And spring leads on the fragrant hours.
The ice is loosed, and prosperous gales
Already fill the strutting sails. *Ann. Reg.*

BRYNHILDA.

A Poem, by the same Author.

O STRANGE is the bower where Brynhilda
da reclines,
Around it the watchfire high bickering shines !
Her couch is of iron, her pillow a shield,
And the maiden's chaste eyes are in deep
slumber seal'd. [spread,
Thy charm, dreadful Odin, around her is
From thy wand the dread slumber was pour'd
on her head. [and flame,
The bridegroom must pass through the furnace
The boldest in fight, without fear, without
blame.
O whilom in battle, so bold and so free,
Like a pirate victorious she rov'd o'er the sea.
The helmet has oft bound the ringlets, that now
Adown her smooth shoulder so carelessly flow ;
And that snowy bosom, thus lovely reveal'd,
Has been oft by the breastplate's tough iron
conceal'd. [sleep,
The love-lighting eyes, which are fetter'd by
Have seen the sea-fight raging fierce o'er the
deep, [slain
And 'mid the deep wounds of the dying and
The tide of destruction pour'd wide o'er the
plain. [bare,
Those soft-rounded arms now defenceless and
Those rosy-tipp'd fingers, so graceful and fair,
Have rein'd the hot courser, and oft bathed
in gore
The merciless edge of the dreaded claymore.
Who is it that spurs his dark steed at the fire ?
Who is it whose wishes thus boldly aspire
To the chamber of shields, where the beauti-
ful maid
By the spell of the mighty defenceless is laid ?
Is it Sigurd, the valiant, the slayer of kings,
With the spoils of the Dragon, his gold and
his rings ?

Or is it bold Gunnar, who vainly assays
On the horse of good Sigurd to rush thro' the
blaze ?

The steed knows his rider in field and in stall :
No other hands rein him, no other spurs gall.
He brooks not the warrior that pricks his
dark side, [pride.

Be he prince, be he chieftain of might and of
How he neighs ! how he plunges, and tosses
his main ! [disdain !

How he foams ! how he lashes his flank with
O crest-fallen Gunnar ! thou liest on the plain !
Through the furnace no warrior, save Sigurd
may ride. [bride !

Let his valour for thee win the spell guarded
He has mounted his war-horse, the beauteous
and bold ;

His buckler and harness are studded with gold.
A dragon all writhing in gore is his crest ;
A dragon is burnish'd in gold on his breast.

The furnace grows redder, the flames crackle
round, [one bound.

But the horse and the rider plunge through at
He has reach'd the dark canopy's shield-cov-
er'd shade, [laid ;

Where spell-bound the beautiful damsel is
He has kissed her closed eyelids, and call'd
her his bride ;

He has stretch'd his bold limbs in the gloom
by her side.

" My name is bold Gunnar, and Grana my
steed ; [speed."

Thro' bickering furnace I prick'd him with

The maiden all languidly lifts up her head,
She seems in her trance half awaked from
the dead ; [cries,

Like a swan on the salt-lake she mournfully
" Does the bravest of warriors claim me as
his prize ?"

" O know'st thou young Sigurd, who lies by
thy side ? [bride ?

O kenn'st thou, Brynhilda, who calls thee his
On the gay hills of France dwell thy proud
foster-sire, [fire.

And there thy chaste bower was guarded by
It was mantled with ivy and luscious woodbine
It was shrouded with jasmine and sweet eg-
lantine. [thy bower,

O mind'st thou, when darkling thou sat'st in
What courser came fleet by thy charm-cir-
cled tower ? [and free ?

Whose hawk on thy casement perch'd saucy
What warrior pursued it ? Whose crest did'st
thou see ? [to thy view ?

Did the gold-burnish'd dragon gleam bright
Did thy spells hold him back, or did Sigurd
break through ? [hands pour,

For whom the bright mead did thy snowy
Which never for man crown'd the goblet be-
fore ?

On the wonders of nature, the stories of old,
On the secrets of magic high converse ye held ;
He sat by thy side, and he gazed on thy face,
He hail'd thee most worthy of Sigurd's em-
brace ;

The wisest of women, the loveliest maid,
The bravest that ever in battle outrade ;

And there, in the gloom of that mystic alcove,
Ye pledg'd to each other the firm oath of love.
Now spell-bound thou canst not his features
descry, [eye,

Thy charms in the gloom do not meet his keen

For Sigurd had hied to defend Giuka's crown,
He delt there with glory, he fought with re-
nown [among,
At the court of good Giuka, his warriors
None bore him so gallant, so brave and so
strong.

Guðruna beheld him with eyes of desire,
The noblest of knights at the court of her sire.
She mixed the love-potion with charm and
with spell,
And all his frail oaths from his memory fell.
She conquer'd his faith by the treacherous
snare;

He led to the altar Guðruna the fair;
And now with her brother unconscious he
came, [claim.

Who dar'd the chaste hand of Brynhilda to
But Gunnar the bold could not break through
the spell; [he fell:

The flame bicker'd high, on the ground as
And Sigurd the glorious, the mighty, must lend
His valour to gain the fair prize for his friend.
All night there he tarried, but ever between
The maid and the knight lay his sword bright
and sheen;

The morrow he rode to the battle afar,
And chang'd the maid's couch for the tur-
moil of war. [won,

His friend reaps the harvest his valour has
And claims the fair guerdon ere fall of the sun.
With pomp to the altar he leads his young
bride, [side;

She deems him the knight who had lain by her
Forgotten the vows she had made in gay
France,

Ere Odin cast o'er her the magical trance.
With gorgeous carousal with dance and with
song, [long,

With wassail his liegemen the nuptials pro-
He revels in rapture and bliss through the
night, [delight:

And the swift hours are pass'd in the arms of
But when the bright morning first dawn'd on
their bed, [en head;

The bride rais'd with anguish her grief-strick-
For the thoughts of the past rose with force,
and too late [her hard fate.

She remember'd young Sigurd, and curs'd
Three days and three nights there in silence
she lay,

To sullen despair and dark horror a prey.
She tasted no food, and to none she replied,
But spurn'd the sad bridegroom with hate
from her side. [rejoice?

Shall the words of young Sigurd now bid her
Does she hear his known accents, and start at
his voice?

"Awake, fair Brynhilda, behold the bright
ray! [gay.

The flowers in the forest are laughing and
Full long hast thou slept on the bosom of woe;
Awake, fair Brynhilda, and see the sun glow."

Concluded in our next.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

By JOHN MAYNE.

*Author of the Poems of Glasgow, the Siller
Gun, &c.*

The following verses are founded on a tradi-
tion in the south of Scotland,---that a young
lady of Kirkconnell Lee, in Annandale,
walking with her lover, was murdered by a
disappointed and sanguinary rival.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
For, night and day, on me she cries,

And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she liv'd, for me she sigh'd,
For me she wish'd to be a bride,
For me, in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Where Kirtle-waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclin'd
A rival, with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me:
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rush'd in between me and the blow,
And now her corse is lying low,
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell---
The fiend that made my heav'n a hell,
And tore my love from me!
For if, where all the graces shine---
O! if on earth there's ought divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine---
They center'd all in thee!

Ah! what avails it that, amain,
I clove th' assassin's head in twain!
No peace of mind, my Helen slain---
No resting place for me!

I see her spirit in the air---
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

O! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He, who life and spirit gave,
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise,
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnell-Lee!

New Mon. Mag.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BALLAD.

By Mr. C. P. WEBB.

O H lady, buy these budding flow'rs,
For I am sad, and wet, and weary,---
I gather'd them ere break of day,
When all was lonely, still, and dreary;---
And long I've sought to sell them here,
To purchase clothes, and food, and dwelling,
For Valour's wretched orphan girls---
Poor me and my young sister Ellen!

Ah! those who tread life's thornless way,
In Fortune's golden sunshine basking,
May deem my wants require no aid,
Because my lips are mute, unasking;
They have no heart for woes like mine,
Each word, each look, is cold---repelling,
Yet once a crowd of flatt'ers fawn'd,
And Fortune smil'd on me and Ellen!

Oh buy my flower's! they're fair and fresh
As mine and morning's tears could keep
them;

To-morrow's sun shall see them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to weep them!
Yet this sweet bud, if nurs'd with care;
Soon into fulness would be swelling;
And nurtur'd by some gen'rous hand,
So might my little sister Ellen!

She's sleeping in the hollow tree,
Her only home---its leaves her bedding;

And I've no food to carry there,
To soothe the tears she will be shedding;
Oh that those mourners' tears which fall---
That bell which heavily is knelling---
And that deep grave, were meant for me,
And my poor little sister Ellen!

When we in silence are laid down,
In life's last, fearless, blessed sleeping,
No tears will fall upon our grave, [ing :
Save those of pitying heaven's own weep-
Unknown we've liv'd, unknown must die,---
No tongue the mournful tale be telling,
Of two young, broken-hearted girls---
Poor Mary and her sister Ellen!

No one has bought of me to-day,
And night is now the town o'ershading,
And I, like these poor drooping flow'rs,
Unnotic'd and unwept am fading;
My soul is struggling to be free---
It loathes its wretched earthly dwelling!
My limbs refuse to bear their load---
Oh God! protect lone orphan Ellen!

THE INCANTATION.

(A Chorus in an unfinished Witch Drama.)

BY LORD BYRON.

WHEN the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

II.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep,
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

III.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

IV.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

V.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;

From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coil'd as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving eve-y poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

VI.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;
By the perfection of thine art
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

VII.

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd---now wither!

From La Belle Assemblée.

BEAUTY IN SMILES.

OH! weep not, sweet maid, though the
bright tear of beauty
To kindred emotion each feeling beguiles;
The softness of sorrow no magic can borrow,
To vie with the splendour of beauty in
smiles.

Man roves thro' creation a wandering stranger
A dupe to its follies, a slave to its toils;
But bright o'er the billow of doubt and of
danger,

The rainbow of promise is beauty in smiles.

As the rays of the sun o'er the bosom of nature,
Renew ev'ry flower which the tempest
despoils;

So joy's faded blossom in man's aching bosom
Revives in the sunshine of beauty in smiles.

The crown of the hero, the star of the rover,
The hope that inspires, and the spell that
beguiles;

The song of the poet, the dream of the lover,
The infidel's heaven, is beauty in smiles.

THE MIRACLE AT HOREB.

From "Arabia," a poem, by Johnston Grant.

HEARD ye yon wail round Horeb's arid
base,

The murmur of a proud, infuriate race!
Near the tall crag their guide's commanding
form [the storm;

Stands with stern brow---the pow'r that quells
His bold rod smites the mountain's flinty side:
Down the parch'd vale th' obedient waters
glide,

Where, mad with fever'd thirst, promiscuous
ranks

Hail the new stream, and crowd its fresh'ning
banks;

Fresh'ning--For He, whose might the boon
bestows,

Speaks, and the desert blossoms as the rose;
Thus swift the silver tide, by breezes fann'd,
And edg'd with verdure sweeps along the sand;
While flow'rets, crush'd like infants of a day,
Just start to light, and bloom to pass away,

Life's vain distinctions lost as in the grave,
 Headlong, all Israel seeks the swelling wave;
 And pow'r and weakness, indigence and
 wealth,
 Commingling, pant to catch th' advancing
 health;
 There the proud tribe-chief to the margent
 stoops;
 Here, while with hollow'd hand some cripple
 scoops
 The beverage cool, nor gemm'd nor vine-
 froth'd bowl
 Seems half so grateful to his sated soul.

Thus sun-parch'd Mynians at Tritonis rush'd,
 To quaff the torrents from the cleft that gush'd;
 Thus earliest bees, invited o'er the plain

By some soft morn, and questing sweets in
 vain,
 Ere spring hath hung her blossoms on the
 Swarm round the lonely violet's opening
 flowers.

As press'd th' exulting throngs with fren-
 zied haste,
 The timorous yield, the feeble are displaced;
 Till columns blending from each adverse
 brink,

Contend, all raging at the wave to drink;
 Yet mercy stretching from the foremost bands
 Yields the full helmet to the mother's hands,
 Whose yearning love her own parch'd lip de-
 nies,

To hush her fainting cherub's moaning cries.

LONDON

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS.

A new printing press, or printing engine, has recently excited the attention of the typographical world. It is wrought by the power of steam, and, with the aid of two or three boys, perfects nearly a thousand sheets per hour. A common press, worked by two men, takes off but two hundred and fifty impressions on one side, and requires eight hours to perfect a thousand sheets. Hence, three boys in one hour, at a cost of *six-pence*, are enabled, by this new application of the power of steam, to perform the labour of two men for eight hours, at a cost of *eight shillings*. Such are the present capabilities of this engine; but, as there is no limit to its required powers, and the size of the *form* is no obstacle to its perfect performance, it is proposed to take impressions on double-demy, in which case three boys, at *six-pence*, will, in one hour, perform the labour of thirty-two men at *sixteen shillings*! This engine is now at work at a printing-office near Fleet-street, and another on a similar, but less perfect construction, has for some time past been employed on a Morning Newspaper. In its general analogy, this press is not unlike the rolling-press of copper-plate printers. The forms, being fixed on the carriage, are drawn under a cylinder, on which the sheet being laid, and the ink distributed by an arrangement of rollers, the impression is taken on one side. The sheet is then conveyed off by bands to a second cylinder, around which it is carried on the *second form*, and the *reiteration* is produced in perfect register without the aid of *points*. All the manual labour is performed by a boy who lays the paper on the first cylinder, by one who takes it off from the second cylinder, and by a third who lays the sheets evenly on the *bank*. As a further instance of economy in the materials, we may mention, that the waste steam from the copper is intended to be carried in tubes round the entire suite of offices, with a view to warm them. Of the ingenuity displayed in the mechanism, and of the ultimate successes of this apparatus, there can be little doubt; but whether there is reason to rejoice in the invention of any machinery, which in the present state of the country diminishes the call for manual labor, may be seriously doubted; particularly as political economists have not yet agreed that workmen, who in consequence become des-

titute, ought to be provided for till they can qualify themselves for new employments.

A collection of Fairy Tales is about to be published by TABART, of the Juvenile Library.

In Poetry, may be noticed a very promising small volume by Mr. NEELE; it is entitled, *Odes and other Poems*. The author is avowedly a disciple of Collins, and worthy to be so, tho' attempts in the line of pure abstraction are more than commonly critical, for, if not very good, they are unbearable, and but few are privileged to visit the world of shadows. Mr. Neele says that his is a bold attempt, but like a man of true genius, he declines either apology or claim to indulgence. The world, he very justly observes, neither attends to the one or the other; and it is certain that, in reference to works of imagination, the world acts exactly as it ought to do. Mr. Neele is young, and, though this is his first performance few first performances are so promising. An Ode to Despair is peculiarly fine; the same may be observed of one to Time. An Address to Allegory is also very bland, beautiful, and ingenious. In the meantime, this young and very promising poet must be informed of the positive opinion of most critics, that the walk he has chosen is more bounded than he imagines, and that the bard who excels in it can seldom fill volumes without having recourse to human hopes, fears, and affections. — *Mon M.*

Mr. Murray has succeeded in fusing two Emeralds into one uniform mass, also two Sapphires into one, by the compressed mixture of the gaseous constituents of water in the oxihydrogene blow-pipe.

Mr. Murray had published in the contemporaneous number of the Philosophical Magazine, (with that of the Annals of Philosophy, in which Mr. E. O. Sym alludes to the same phenomenon,) that flame is a hollow cone, and its interior might be seen by pressing the apex by means of a piece of glass.

Major Rennell will soon publish a quarto volume of Illustrations of the History of the Expedition of the Younger Cyrus, and Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks, with explanatory maps.

There has lately been found, in a temple at Pompeia, a stone, on which are engraved the linear measures of the Romans.

Wat Tyler, a Dramatic Poem, by Robert Southey, is published.